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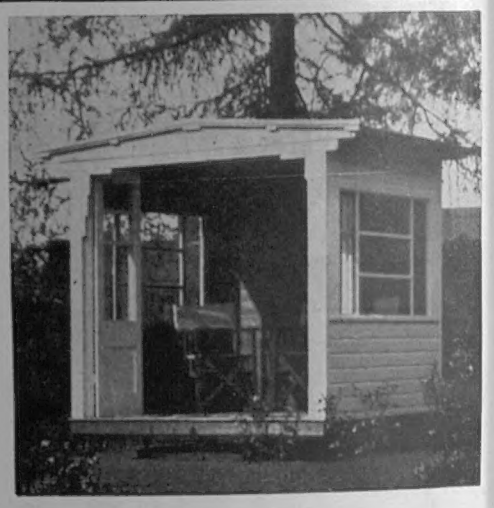

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 27, 1937

The Nizam's Jubilee

His Exalted Highness, the Ruler of Hyderabad, India's Richest Prince and Leader of Islam, who is Celebrating the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of His Reign

The Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda and the Aga Khan have both been celebrating jubilees and now comes the turn of a third ruler, the Nizam of Hyderabad, whose capital, the fourth largest in the Indian Empire, has of recent weeks been the scene of magnificent and glittering ceremonies, the whole city being en fete with its palaces and the homes of the State nobles ablaze with light, and banquets, dances, durbars, and military parades following each other in almost bewildering succession. The Nizam who is just over fifty years of age, not only has the triple distinction of being the premier Indian prince, the richest Indian prince, and the ruler over the biggest Indian State, but is also the acknowledged leader of Islam in his country. Though a Muslim, while most of his subjects are Hindus, he has succeeded in maintaining his authority unimpaired and in Hyderabad communal troubles are exceedingly rare. Unlike most of his fellow rulers he has never visited England, and it is for this reason that his court remains one of the few that is really Oriental in character. His Highness exercises full sovereignty within his dominions, grants titles, and has the power of life and death over his subjects, while he maintains an army consisting of 18,400 troops, of which two battalions are for Imperial service

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A London Newsletter

WATERLOO BRIDGE GONE: Nothing now remains above water of the handsome structure that once spanned the Thames at this point, linking the Strand with South London, only the temporary steel bridge and a certain amount of timbering greeting the eye as one looks across from the Embankment. The demolition of Rennie's great masterpiece, which has been the subject of such intense criticism both in the House of Commons and the Press, was begun on June 20, 1934, 118 years and 2 days after it had been opened by the Prince Regent as a memorial to the decisive victory on the field of Waterloo. A successor is to be erected on the same site, but where the necessary money is to come from is still a matter for conjecture, the Government having refused the London County Council's request for a grant from the Road Fund

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4.
Wednesday, February 24, 1937.

INDUSTRIES FAIR.—Another record. More miles added to the long line of Britain's shop windows. A bigger total of first day buyers, bigger crowds, more and more wonderful novelties, a higher annual output of inventiveness, and a marked improvement in commercial good sense and taste. Bargains all along the line. A nation of shopkeepers cannot say that those at the top were indifferent to their aspirations or blind to their endeavour and initiative. The Fairs at Olympia and the White City were visited (and visited and viewed exhaustively as only Royalty has the stamina to do it) by the King and Queen twice, by Queen Mary three times, while the Duke of Gloucester covered the engineering section at Birmingham. Captain Wallace proved himself a first-class salesman and publicity expert and every minister and official who could put in a word shouted it from the minarets. And indeed it has proved a stimulating show, even if it but conjured up dreams for many of us. We went there and day-dreamed in the halls, with their royal cyphers and patriotic colour schemes, and we thought out our ideal home in which every new gadget would find a place, until we had put ourselves beyond the reach of circumstance, and built us a house on firm foundations and so equipped that we could enjoy the luxury of giving the cook the notice she deserves and telling incompetent slatterns to go to—the films and stay there. Yes, it was a dream palace but amazingly practical and efficient, a national pride and glory, and I think an earnest of good times ahead—subject to qualification following.

SAFETY FIRST.—The White Paper on Defence (and the debate which followed it) gave the public its first real understanding of what Europe's madness (and our own fine gesture or criminal neglect) is to cost us. On a "conservative estimate" we are to spend in five years *four times* the £400,000,000 which the Government has asked for sanction to borrow. £1,500,000,000 on death-dealing implements and the service of those implements. £300,000,000 will go before next March and for each of the four years following to produce a new fleet, a new army, and a new air force. And by the fifth year most of the new engines of war will be antiquated and due for replacement "to meet the needs of modern warfare." It is an expensive insurance policy, because the *probability* is that most of these weapons will only be used in practices and training. There is no constructive criticism on a large scale. All parties are broadly reconciled to the need for a vast equipment. But £1,500,000,000 (or possibly more)! Small wonder that men with smaller axes of social amelioration to grind consider the careful scrutiny of Treasury officials on grants in aid to be but useless and vexatious cheeseparing. A £100,000 here or there, what does it matter—a drop in the ocean of spending. A beet factory for Pembroke Dock at £250,000, which would revive a distressed area, a training centre for Durham, a factory here or there, a recreation room or playground. How absurd it now seems to limit expenditure on any one project to help the distressed areas to £10,000. What is £10,000? It is a halfpenny in the pocket of a millionaire! This is our prosperity. This is the maw which will swallow the bulk of any profit which the sweat of men's brows may derive from the British Industries Fair and national striving and initiative. The taxpayer must find £230,000,000 a year, apart from the loan, for re-armament. This is what is to reduce unemployment—to build on borrowed money hideous death machines which five years hence will be either blood guilty or antiquated—museum pieces in the chamber of horrors or scrap iron on the dump. It is not a pretty thought. It is an artificial means to prosperity. And it is a necessity. If only these ghastly revelations could turn men into peacemakers instead of into pacifists or firebrands. The astonishing fact remains that the taxpayer has not yet the smallest hint as to where the danger of European war lies, from what direction the expected blow may come during the next five years. That the Government has menacing proofs, grave anxieties, and expectations, all logic insists. We, who pay, have not been vouchsafed the least indications of that secret information. War is in the air. But it must be on the cards also, or we could not throw financial sanity to the winds. It must appear, as Labour critics said, nearer and more menacing than it did a year ago. And we thought otherwise. For us the cards are all faced downwards. We pay "blind." We must wait and see, pay up and look pleasant, and have faith in Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden, and Mr. Duff Cooper, and Sir Samuel, and Sir Philip and so on.

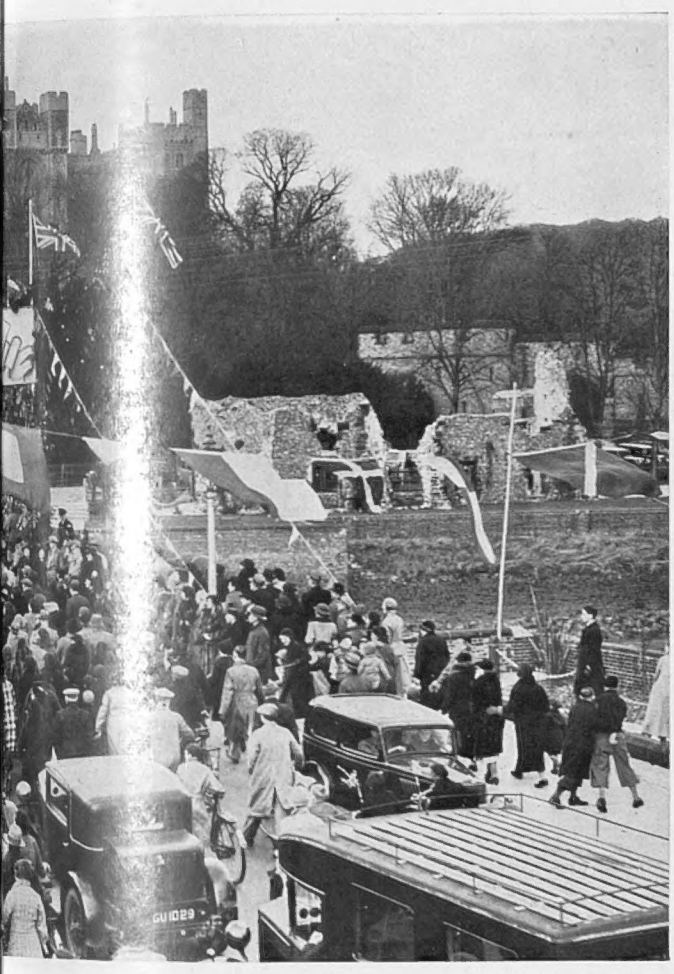
DUCAL HOMECOMING: Crowds of well-wishers thronging behind the coach as the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, and his bride drove through Arundel and up to their castle home on its heights at the conclusion of their honeymoon last Saturday. They were given a tremendous welcome, the little town being gaily decorated with flags and streamers and (as depicted here) a triumphal arch of laurel and fir, bearing the words "Welcome Home," being placed above the Arun bridge. Members of the estate and borough fire brigades joined together in drawing the open carriage all the way from the station

TWO NOTABILITIES PASS ON: *Left*—Lord Huntly, Premier Marquess of Scotland, "Father" of the House of Lords, and senior Privy Councillor, who died last Saturday within a fortnight of attaining his ninetieth birthday. *Right*—Major-General Sir Percy Cox well-known as administrator, explorer and natural historian, collapsed and died on the same day while out hunting with the Oakley. During his long career he held many posts in the Near East and in 1920 was High Commissioner for Iraq, where it was his task to lay the foundations of an independent sovereign State

SIR HERBERT LAWRENCE.—General Lawrence has intimated that he will retire from the chairmanship of Vickers, Ltd., after the forthcoming annual meeting. For a man turned seventy-six who since 1914 has carried an immense weight of responsibility and got through a vast amount of hard work, both in the army and in business, this laying-down of a part of his burden will be welcomed by his friends and admirers (who are legion). He is a son of John Lawrence, Governor-General of India, which carries one back a long way. He had a distinguished career in the army (17th Lancers) and served throughout the South African war. Then he retired as a Brevet-Colonel and went into business. He became a managing partner in Glyn Mills, the banking business of his wife's family. The great war brought him back to the army. He held high commands in the Dardanelles and Egypt and commanded a division in France. Then towards the end of the war Haig called him to G.H.Q. as Chief of Staff. From that day to this he has carried an enormous weight of responsibility. What that last year of the war meant for him in anxiety and ceaseless labour, war memoirs give an idea which he himself never enlarged on, and never will. After the war and till now, he has carried the chief burden of responsibility for the direction of Vickers and its associated concerns and of Glyn Mills, not to mention a number of other directorates. He carried them through the difficult times of post-war reconstruction, root and branch reorganisation, through the slump to returning prosperity. He carried Vickers through the arms inquiry with credit and the work which that entailed for him is another unwritten chapter. Haig had complete faith in his judgment and no staff officer at the top ever earned more respect, affection, and even devotion from unit commanders. For he has all his life sacrificed himself and his health to duty and has gained a reputation for sound judgment, for courtesy, selflessness, and modesty, second to none. He retains a seat on the Vickers Board for a time and will continue to direct the affairs of Glyn Mills. He will certainly never give up hard work.

A RIGHT-HONOURABLE MEMBER.—Colonel Spender-Clay died young and was undoubtedly one whom the gods loved. His own high character and selfless patriotism made

him that in two senses. It made him a happy man and a man greatly respected and loved by gods and men. No man was happier in his home life, no more charming host, more beloved husband and father, existed. Life at Ford was ideal in every sense, in gaiety, in sanity, in intelligence, in purpose, in usefulness, in moderation. There, wealth was controlled and usefully directed. There, money was never in evidence, and taste and comfort grew like wild flowers and not like exotic plants. His great gifts were unselfishness and a total lack of self seeking the highest principles of honour and service to the State, restraint, good temper, an unfailing courtesy. He had probably more influence in the House of Commons (which was his pride) than any Minister of State. He strove all his life to impart to it his spirit and ideals, to restore it or raise it to a higher plane in the service of the State; to make it the first instrument of democratic government and not the lists for careerists. He hated and despised careerists and frankly and boldly declared his contempt for political opportunism, and because of his courage and his patent purity of mind and of those great social gifts of his, he was loved and respected by all, by Ministers and back-benchers, by his political opponents, and even by those whose motives were suspect by him. He was in truth a Galahad of politics.



MISS MARGARET MITCHELL.

—I have found in practice that it is very easy to obey the wisecrack which discourages any attemrt to penetrate the mystery which surrounds your favourite authors. To-day of that mystery there is little enough, goodness knows. Only publicity will sell books in England, and it is the rule of the trade that any British author who succeeds in selling 10,000 copies of a novel must stand naked in the market place on a revolving platform with a trumpeter and limelight plant in full work. But 1936 gave us a novel in a million—an epoch-making book. *Gone With the Wind* has gone with a rush and sold 1,000,000 copies in a year in this country and America. And sold on merit—sheer, continuous, concentrated merit and human interest—a gracious, grand, spacious, frank, enthralling tale; of a new recipe compounded of stark realism and lavender, mingling old traditions with the modern essentials; 1,000 pages, of which you cannot pass over a single sentence in the first 900 (in the last hundred one finds oneself skipping a little). A novel to thank Heaven for and to buy, but whether or when one could re-read it I am not sure. For it is not a novel of action primarily (though the flight from Atlanta will live among the gems of classic romances), but a novel of character-drawing; and it is the former which best lends itself to re-reading. But, curious to tell, we know all too little of the author of this great book, and we want to know. I wish my American correspondents would wake up and tell me about her—all about her. I would gladly exchange such information for their views on Europe's troubles and their "authentic facts" about our Royal Family and the crowned heads of Europe. All I have heard of Miss Mitchell so far is rumour. I am told she is middle-aged and has spent her life in the Southern States of which she writes. That she spent years of her life making notes for her novel, and at last, not very hopefully, approached Macmillans, who, not very hopefully, allowed her to send up her manuscripts for inspection, whereupon she arrived with a huge packet containing in autograph the whole 250,000-word script of her life's work.

THE MALE-SERVANT TAX.

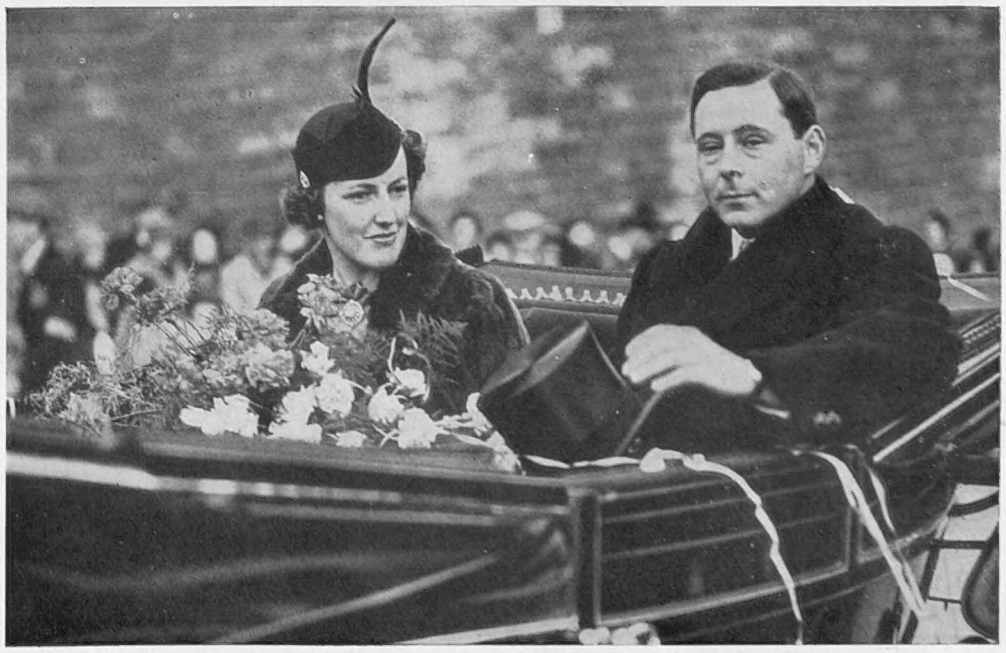
—More than a vague hint was given in the Government's proposals for the revised Block Grant to Local Authorities that at long last the voice of the nation had moved Mr. Chamberlain and that he might this year or next remove a grievance and an anachronism by lifting the tax on male servants. He has consistently refused to do so for some years on the ground that it wasn't in his power, since the proceeds of the tax belonged not to the Central but to the Local Authority. The whole proceeds of this now silly tax only amount to £100,000. If it had not been largely evaded, chiefly from ignorance of its definition, it might have brought in more. A "labourer" was not included, a gardener or chauffeur or footman was. What if you employ a man, who had worked on the roads, to dig your garden? Did he become an expert gardener? Or what if your gardener was your odd job man, and ran your engine, cleaned boots, washed car, and ran errands? Many employers gave themselves the benefit of the doubt, knowing that richer employers were suffered to pay tax on the first two or three head gardeners and not on the under-strappers. A silly tax which was once a reasonable luxury tax (of the window tax type or the armorial bearings type) in the days of powdered footmen and cheap man-power. The armorial bearings tax ought to go too, because it also is widely evaded and little understood. No one should be penalised for inheriting an old spoon with the legend of Privilege graven on it. I hope the Male-Servant Tax really will figure as an isolated sop to a vexatious Budget. For it has indeed slightly affected the employment of males. The tax and obligation, trifling by themselves, were one more last straw to break the back of the bureaucracy-ridden employer. O! for simplification of our legion tax forms! We would pay even higher and look pleasant if we too could make a "block grant" of our innumerable obligations to the service of the State. And I don't believe it is impossible for the mind of man to devise a workable system of simplification.

OXFORD POLLS.

—There are 23,000 free and independent electors entitled to vote in the by-election at Oxford. The seat of learning returns two members and is already served in Parliament by Mr. A. P. Herbert. To take the place of Lord Hugh Cecil, Professor Lindemann (Independent Conservative), Sir Farquhar Buzzard (Conservative), and Sir Arthur Salter (Independent) are contesting the vacant arm-chair. You would say you could find nowhere a more intelligent electorate. Here, if anywhere, the value of education would prove itself. Here at last and at least you would find voters with minds so well trained that catch-words would not trap them, nor splash-poster or headlines carry them away. If what Lord Halifax claimed for Oxford University, in launching his appeal for £1,000,000, be true, this constituency at least should be able to read character, to see through boost and election trickery. Does education stand the test? May we look forward hopefully to the day when the voter everywhere is as highly educated as at Oxford, and domestic politics at least achieve distinction, and elections truly represent public opinion? I am a little doubtful. The University elect d Mr. Herbert, an excellent candidate, a man of resource and courage and sense of humour, but hardly the man for Oxford University. He sailed in in front of a freak wind, a sportive breeze. There was no logic at all in his election. And now these free and independent electors have clearly been caught by the old, old bird-lime of election times. Professor Lindemann, searching for his address window-dressing, suddenly discovered that Britain is defenceless and splashes a bigger loaf of air power on his posters. And voters in their academic gowns gaped at his picture and swallowed his loaf. Sir Farquhar's big idea was national physique and mind training and, of course, research. His poster is a John Bull lifting dumbbells and his eyes to the hills. And Sir Arthur lies low and hopes to drive his wedge through the Conservative rift. In short, very like an election in workaday constituencies of half-educated voters.

THE OLD STAGER

IN ARUNDEL'S OLD MARKET SQUARE: The Duke of Norfolk speaking through the microphone as he replied to the address of welcome on his homecoming which was presented by the Mayor (centre) on behalf of the Council. *Below*—The Duke and Duchess during their drive through the town to the accompaniment of the cheers of the crowd and a joyous peal from the church of St Nicholas

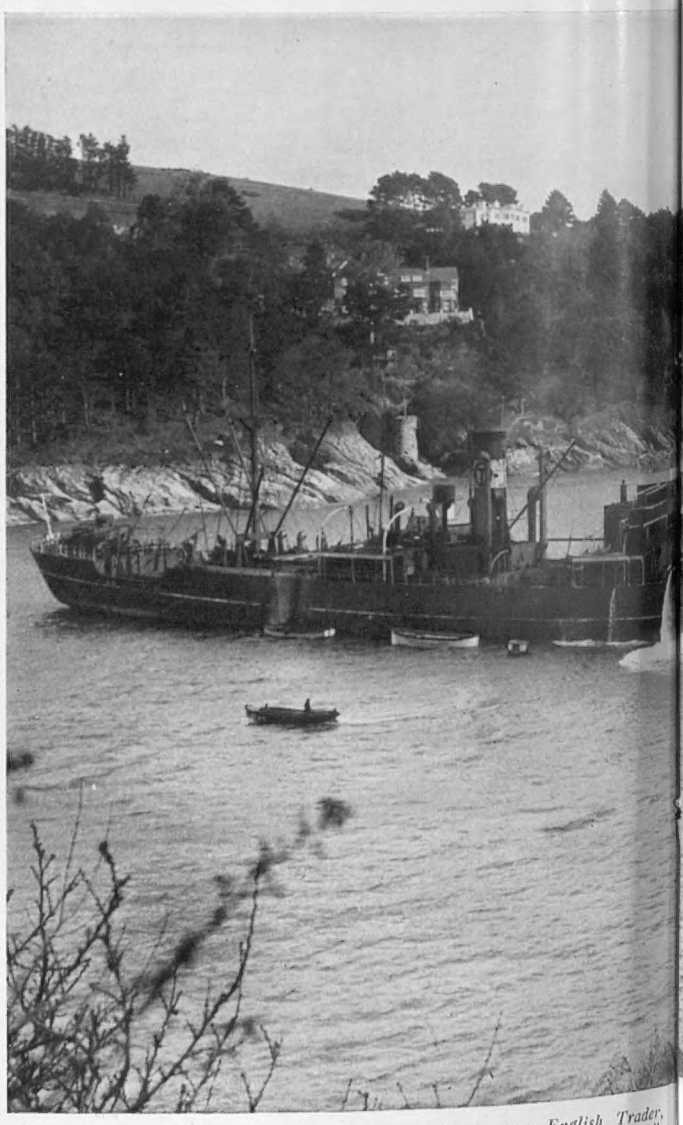


PASSING PAGEANT:

THE DUCE STRIKES THE FIRST BLOW: Signor Mussolini handles a pick when starting demolition work on a site beneath which will be driven a section of Rome's first underground railway. The line will go from a central station by way of the Piazza Venezia to the western boundary of the city and there it will link up with the existing surface system. When the scheme is completed it will be possible to travel from the centre of Rome to the resort of Ostia in eighteen minutes

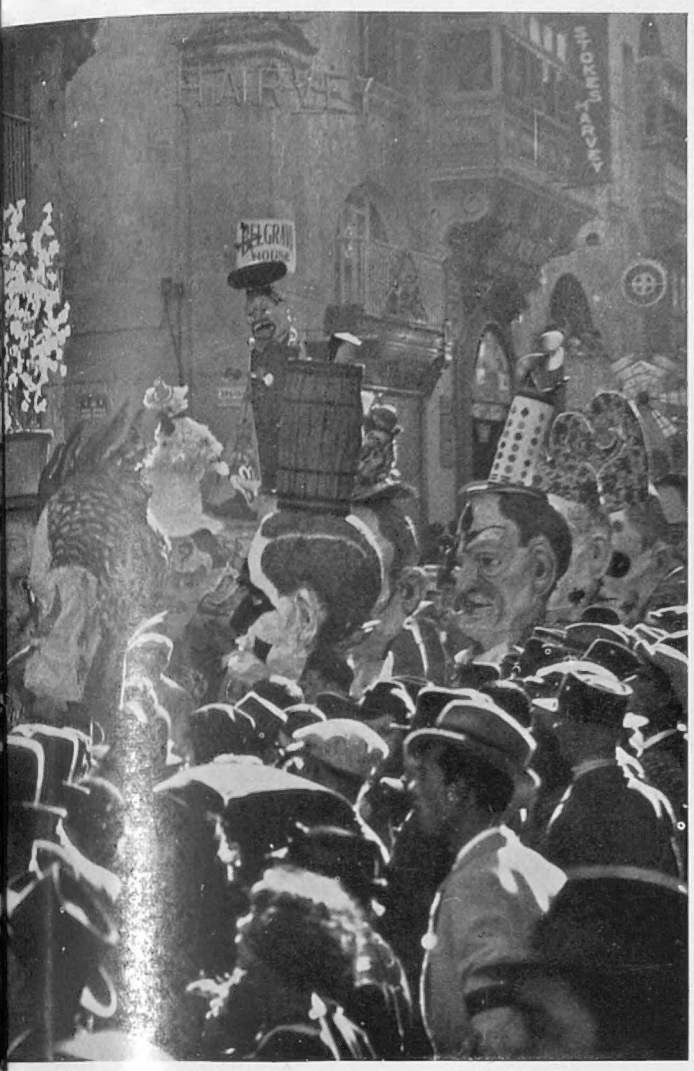
MALTA GOES GAY: The great annual parade in the narrow but picturesque and march through the town wearing grotesque masks and carrying

AFTER SEVENTEEN-AND-A-HALF YEARS CONTINUOUS SERVICE ABROAD members of the 2nd Battalion, Essex Regiment, received a ceremonial welcome by the Lord Lieutenant of Essex when they arrived home at Warley Barracks, Brentwood, last Saturday, and were watched by large crowds as they marched through the beflagged town. The Battalion has been in Malta, India, Egypt, and Sudan

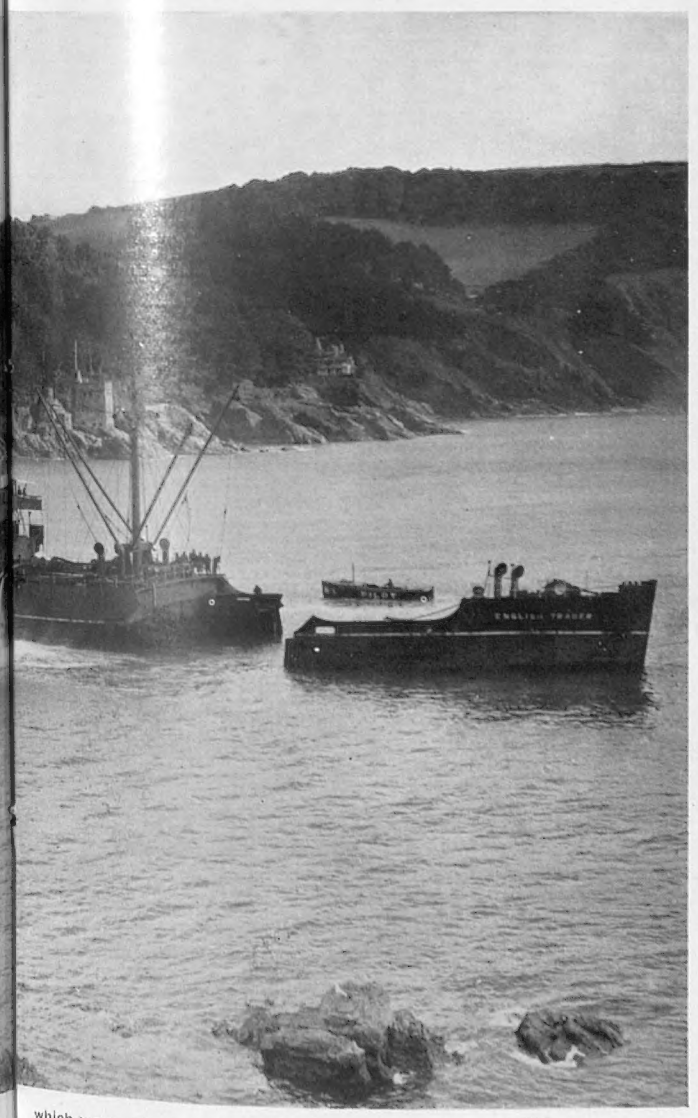


CUT IN TWO AND SALVAGED: The British steamer *English Trader*, interesting operation last Monday when the major portion of the hull, bow which was held firmly on the rocks, the steel plates being cut where the cargo is being discharged prior to repairs being carried from the failure of steering gear, the *English Trader* was bound from

A Pictorial News Survey

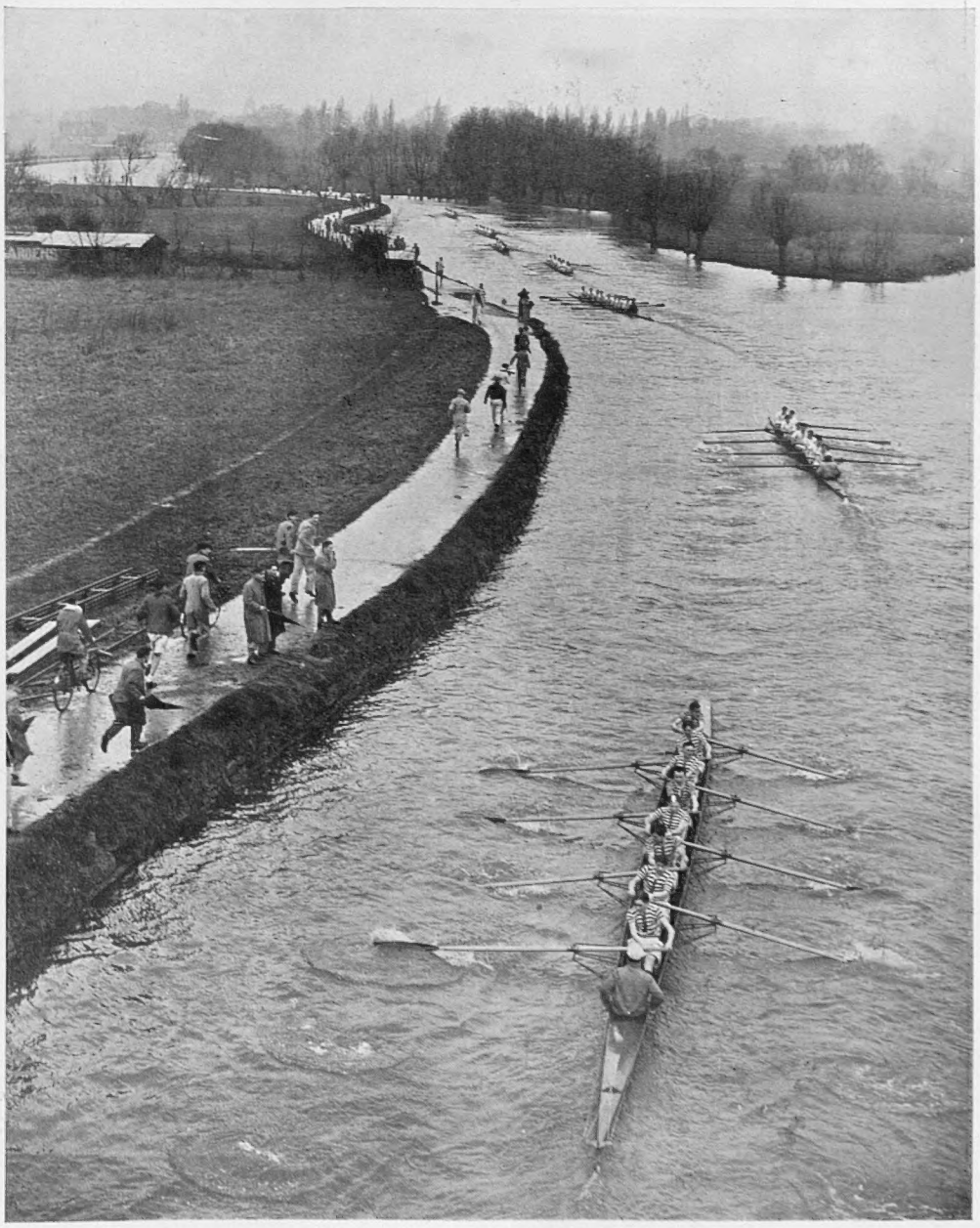


Strada Reale, Valetta, when the islanders form themselves into companies effigies. Prizes are awarded to the companies with the best turnout



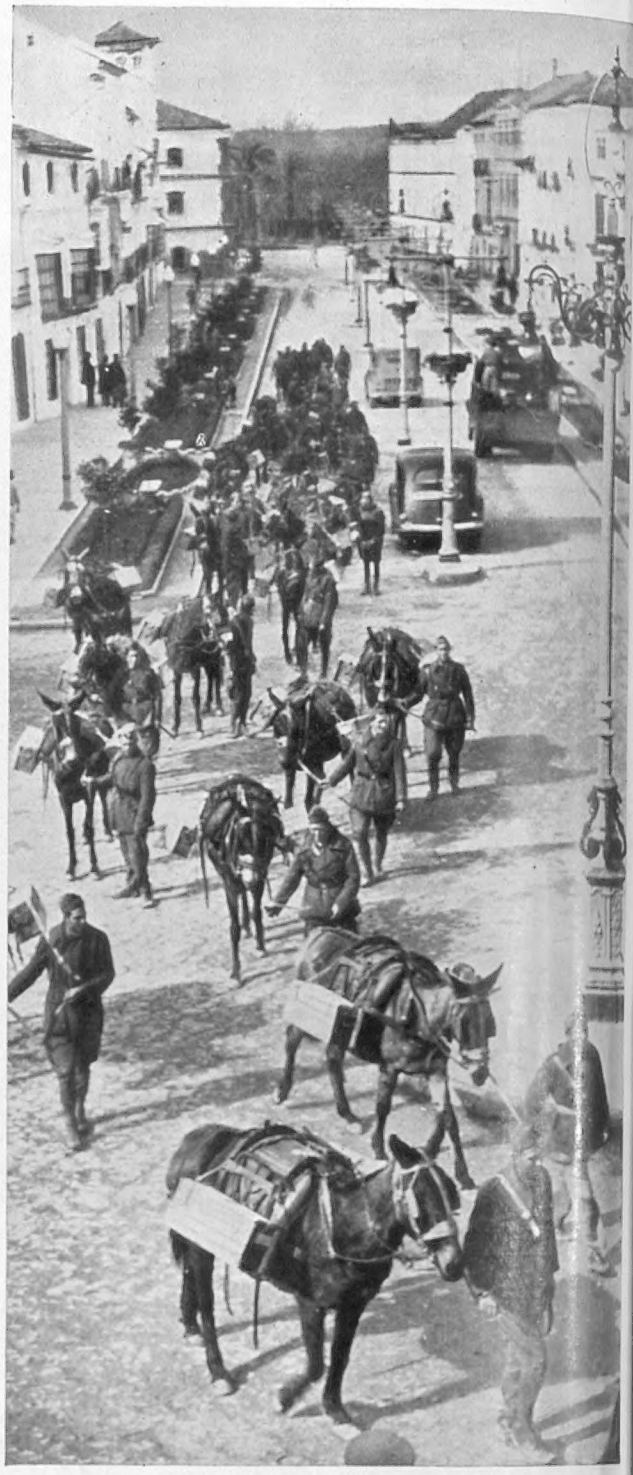
which went ashore at Dartmouth on January 23, was the subject of an with a new bulkhead installed in the forepart, was freed from the broken away by acetylene plant. The hull was then towed into the inner harbour out at neighbouring Plymouth. At the time of the accident, which resulted the River Plate to Norway with some thousands of tons of maize on board

"DAY OF HEROES" IN BERLIN: Chancellor Hitler, accompanied by eighty-seven-year-old Field-Marshal von Mackensen (left), leader of the Rumanian campaign of 1916–17, and Field-Marshal von Blomberg, the Nazi Defence Minister, when he inspected a Guard of Honour in front of the Unknown Warrior's Tomb last Sunday—the day set aside for the commemoration of Germany's war dead. Flags flew at half-mast throughout the country and speeches were made by the majority of the big political leaders

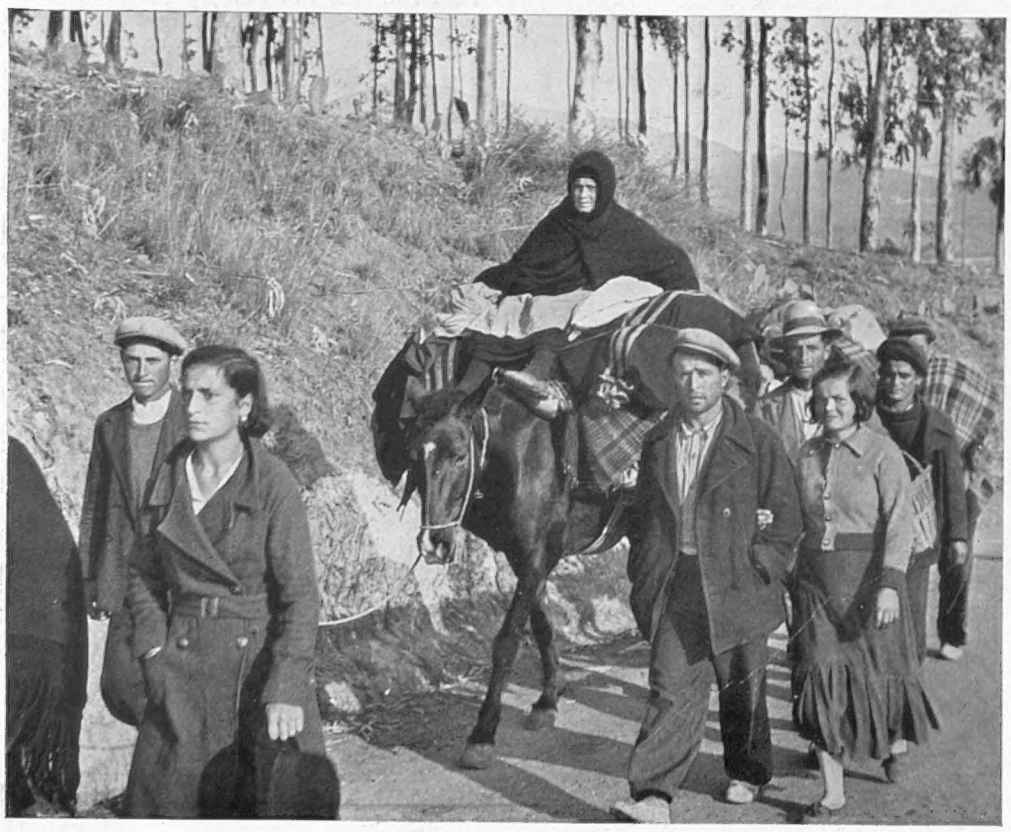


THRILLS ON THE ISIS: Third division crews rounding the bends during the Oxford Torpid Races which began last week in bitterly cold and boisterous weather, but provided any amount of interest, no fewer than 16 bumps being recorded on one day alone. Oxford rowing appears to be undergoing a revival, and the boat race crew, which has now appeared on the tideway, is said to be shaping well

INTERLUDE ON THE SOUTHERN FRONT: Insurgent troops being served with rations at a mountain post of the Sierra Nevada, that great range in Granada, standing as a natural barrier against their northward advance on Almeria and Valencia. Fighting is intensely difficult for the attackers in this type of country, but Franco's men have not been deterred by adverse conditions, their patience and persistence having already been rewarded by the capture of such red strongholds as Marbella, Ronda, and Malaga



BOUND FOR THE MOUNTAINS: A mule train on its way from an insurgent munition depot to the war zone in the Sierra Nevada, carrying supplies to General Franco's men. This is the only practicable method of communication in a mountainous region, hopelessly lacking in adequate roads and railways



TREKKING BACK TO MALAGA: These men and women fled from the town into the mountains to escape the rebel bombardment, but after the capture of the place and the restoration of order they emerged from their hide-outs and returned to their homes or what was left of them. Thousands of others, whose left-wing sympathies made such a return impossible, fled northwards to Almeria and Valencia

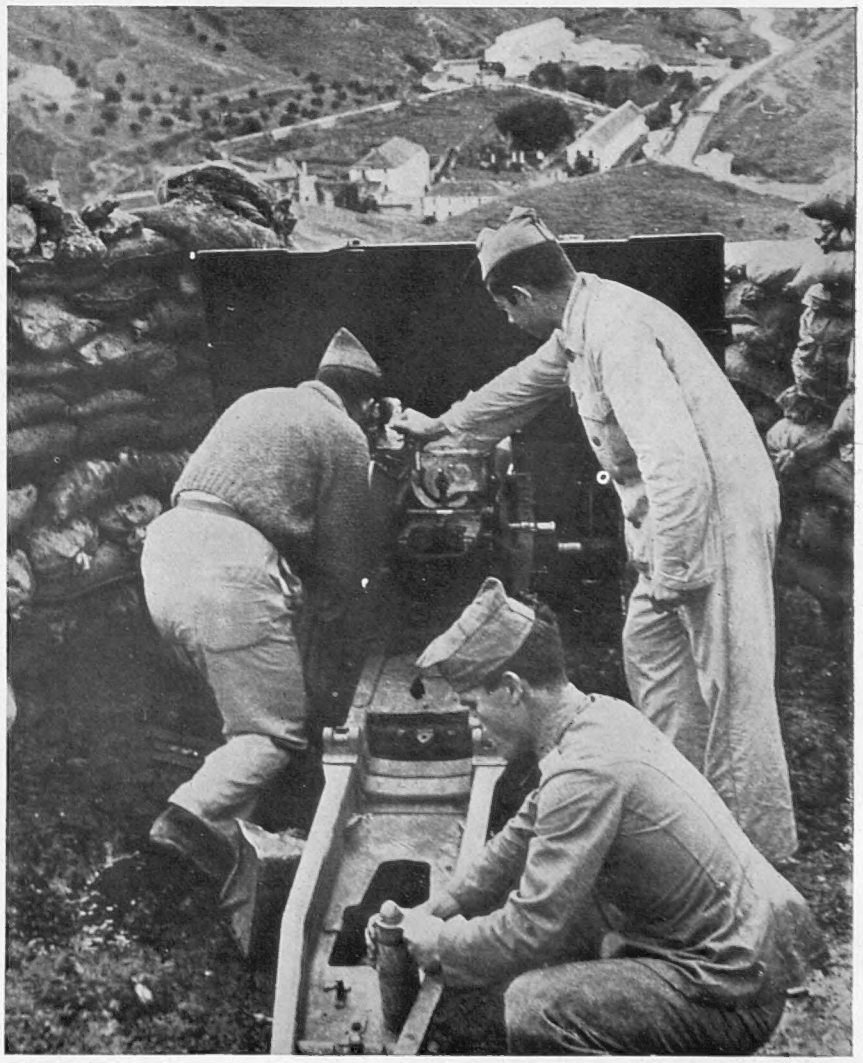
EVACUATION OF MADRID CONTINUES: In December it was estimated children had left the capital for the comparative safety of the Eastern past week or two still more have left, taking the only available On Tuesday last, however, it was reported that even this line of

SPAIN'S TREKKING POPULATION: And Other Aspects of the Long Continued Civil War

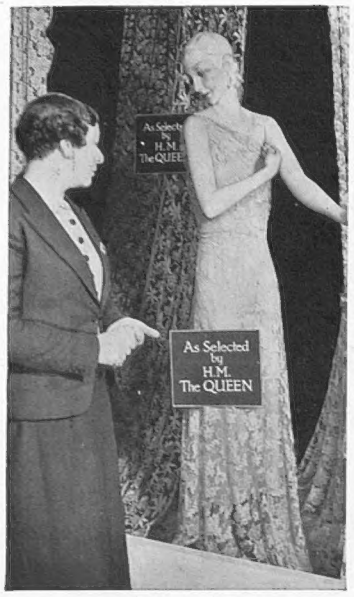
ENTHUSIASM IN THE RED CAPITAL: Citizens thronging the Plaza de Castelar, Valencia, during a demonstration in support of the "left-wing" Government by trades unions and other organisations. The city to-day presents an extraordinary spectacle of congestion, accommodating some 750,000 people, many of them refugees from Madrid, as compared with its peacetime population of 250,000

that 300,000 women and seaboard, and during the route through Cuenca, retreat was threatened

HASTY EXIT: A mother and children on their way out of Valencia when the rebels bombarded it from the sea and the air. It was only an isolated attack, however, and the city still remains the principal refuge of red Spain



COVERING A REBEL ADVANCE: A field gun trained on the main road from Antequera to the sea to protect one of General Franco's columns during its march on Malaga. The insurgents have met with great success in this region and the capture of considerable territory may well have a decisive effect on the course of the war as it allows of pressure being brought to bear on red strongholds thought to be well-nigh impregnable



ROYAL CHOICE: This lace dress in Marlborough blue, which is made from Courtauld's rayon by a Nottingham firm, was selected by Her Majesty the Queen during a visit to the B.I.F.

WED IN SECRET: Earl Howe, the well-known racing motorist, and his bride, Miss Joyce Jack, daughter of a former Mining Commissioner, were married recently in Johannesburg

LEARNING THE LIE OF THE LAND: Members of the Brigade of Guards inspecting the course before taking part in a morning point-to-point race at Great Brington over 4 miles of "fair Pytchley country." Afterwards they went in force to the Pytchley meet at Ashby St. Ledgers

VOICE FROM A SICK-BED: Although still convalescent in a Los Angeles hospital following the air crash in which she was injured and her explorer husband was killed, Mrs. Martin Johnson made a speech at the first showing of the latest Martin Johnson Borneo jungle film, her words being relayed by land line to a local cinema

PERHAPS A MISSING LINK: This curious creature, half man, half ape, which is now engaging scientific attention in France, was recently encountered and photographed in the Atlas Mountains on the northern edge of the Sahara by Marcel Homet, a French explorer. The creature has a gorilla-like beetling brow and a typically simian posture

TESTING THE PRESSURE OF A FIRE HOSE JET during a Fire Brigade experiment last week, when it was demonstrated that if London's water-mains were cut in an air raid it would be possible to pump water from the Thames into a canvas tank on shore, relay it through a fire engine pump to another tank half-a-mile distant, relay from there to a third tank, and finally bring it to bear on a fire at the required pressure. This is only one aspect of the subject of war-time fire-fighting now engaging the Government's attention (See also "The Sphere" February 13)

POINT OF VANTAGE: These machine gunners were among the National Guardsmen on duty outside the Chevrolet works at Flint, Michigan, focal point of the recent stay-in strike in the American motor industry and scene of many fierce battles. The terms of settlement are summarised below

America in the Limelight—
A New York Letter

The Triumph of John L. Lewis—Roosevelt Defies the "Nine Old Men" of the Supreme Court

THE General Motors strike in the United States has been "settled," and 100,000 workers have returned to their jobs.

The settlement, which was reached on the forty-fourth day of the strike, during which period the strikers occupied many of the plants of General Motors and the Fisher Body Company throughout the country, and successfully resisted all legal and quasi-legal efforts to oust them, has been hailed by the workers and by the man in the street as a smashing victory for John L. Lewis in his first battle since he was ousted from the American Federation of Labour for organising the committee for Industrial Organisation, with the avowed purpose of organising the steel, rubber, and automobile workers of the country, and of substituting vertical for lateral, or craft, unions.

That it is a victory is beyond question. Whether it is a "smashing" victory is open to question.

The principal claim to victory lies in the fact that, if there is another strike six months from now, the duration of the truce that has been reached, the workers who wanted to strike this time, but who were afraid, will rally around the Lewis standard in large numbers. It also rests in the fact that the United Automobile Workers are recognised as the sole bargaining agency for all General Motors factory workers during the next six months.

This means that General Motors capitulated on its two most important contentions: (1) that it would not bargain with the strikers until they had evacuated the plants and handed them back to the ownership, and (2) that it would not recognise the United Automobile Workers' Union as the sole bargaining agency.

Beyond this the men received an increase in wages of 5 cents an hour, beginning February 15, which added 25,000,000 dollars a year to the General Motors pay-roll.

The strikers, on their side, lost an important strategic advantage when they were forced to agree in turn not to call any strikes during the six months while negotiations are pending. They had threatened to call strikes at once in the Ford and Chrysler organisations and in the steel industry.

Another advantage for the company lies in the fact that the six months' truce will coincide substantially with the annual shutdown for re-tooling.

Lewis signed the terms of settlement in his sick-bed in a Detroit, Mich., hotel.

* * *

The Supreme Court Controversy.—President Roosevelt has asked Congress to pass a law that will place it within his power to change the personnel of the U.S. Supreme Court, a law that gives those justices of the court who have passed the age of seventy the choice of resigning or of seeing six additional justices added to the court, a change that would increase the number from nine to fifteen.

The justices who will be affected by the enactment of this law are Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, seventy-four; Pierce Butler, seventy; George Sutherland, seventy-one; Louis D. Brandeis, eighty; James C. McReynolds, seventy-four; and Willis Van Devanter, seventy-seven.

The frankly avowed object of the President is to secure a Supreme Court personnel which will hold his legislative program to be constitutional instead of unconstitutional; and, of the six justices involved, all are regarded as opposed to the New Deal except Brandeis, who, although the oldest member of the court, is the most liberal. Even Brandeis, however, joined in the court's unanimous decision that the N.R.A. was unconstitutional. Sutherland, McReynolds, and Van Devanter might be described as unmitigated Conservatives; but, although Hughes has the same reputation, his studied record shows it to be unjustified. A short time ago it was revealed that in 51 per cent of his decisions he had been on the Liberal side of the fence, whereas the distinguished and beloved late Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose reputation for Liberalism was international, was found to have been on the Conservative side of the fence in 51 per cent of his decisions. These seemingly superficial facts are important to note because, to understand the move against the Supreme Court at all, we must realise that it is supported by popular beliefs that have no basis in fact.

The President has already published enough of his plans for his second administration to make clear what he proposes to do. To summarise, he proposes to revive the essential features of N.R.A., to nullify past decisions of the court by act of Congress alone, to secure legislation without regard to its constitutionality by simple act of Congress, and to pursue his relentless warfare on privately-owned public utilities. In the future as in the past, the court, as now constituted, would block his way, so he proposes to change and control it.

This is not the first time efforts have been made to "pack" the Supreme Court, to make it more nearly do the President's bidding. In one case, this process resulted in the appointment of the court's most famous Chief Justice, John Marshall, and changed the whole history of jurisprudence in the United States. He was named by John Adams, second President of the United States; Andrew Jackson did the same thing when he named Roger B. Taney, whose "Dred Scott" decision affected the right of a negro slave to sue his master for his liberty. Long credited with causing the Civil War, it was the Civil War alone, and not any constitutional procedure, that revoked the Dred Scott decision. President Grant did the same thing when he

(Cont. on page 344)

Britain and U.S. Investments

A momentous announcement through the Press Association a few days ago revealed that the British Treasury had requested British insurance companies not to make any further investments in the United States. This move, it now appears, has been made to prevent any further difficulties in the exchange position, and it is anticipated that as a result the Empire countries will benefit considerably by the diversion of capital

WITH THE "RODNEY" ON THE SPRING CRUISE

IN FULL MARCHING ORDER: Marines on parade aboard Rodney during the visit of this 34,000-ton battleship to Algiers in the course of the spring cruise of the Home Fleet in Mediterranean waters—a cruise that has this year been fraught with more than the usual interest in view of one or two "incidents" caused by Spanish bombing planes (fortunately inaccurate in their fire) mistaking the identity of our ships. In March the Home and Mediterranean fleets will, according to present plans, engage in a mock battle lasting several days

THE LIGHTER SIDE: One of the *Rodney's* cooks, popularly known as "Greeze," standing on a gun-turret and throwing a pancake to be scrambled for by the waiting men below. A Shrove Tuesday interlude aboard the great battleship

CONTRASTS AFLOAT

The Discipline of Drill and a Carefree Shrove Tuesday Incident

SCRUM DOWN! The men scramble desperately on deck for the Shrove Tuesday pancake thrown down by the *Rodney's* cook. Needless to say, what is left of the prize at the finish is inedible, but the struggle provides any amount of fun

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ARCHDUKE OTTO:

The Austrian Claimant at His Belgian Home

MOATED STEENOCKERZEEL: This sombre chateau in the Belgian province of Brabant is the home of Archduke Otto of Habsburg, son of the late Emperor Charles of Austria and of the ex-Empress Zita, and it is here, holding miniature court, that he lives with his mother and seven brothers and sisters, ever anticipating the day when Austria will call upon him to take the vacant throne. How soon that day will be it is impossible to tell, but there is a large body of opinion in favour of his accession

HOPE OF THE HABSBURGS: Archduke Otto was born at Villa Wartholz, Lower Austria, on November 20, 1912, when his great-great-uncle, Francis Joseph I was in the 64th year of his reign, and since 1918 he has lived in exile

IN THE MUSIC ROOM: Another impression of the Archduke whose good looks, personal charm, and modest bearing have helped to win him support in Austria. He is also claimant to the throne of Hungary, "the monarchy with the vacant throne," where the majority of the functions of a monarch are at present, and have been for seventeen years, exercised by the Regent, Admiral Horthy. There, however, the dynastic question has been temporarily shelved until "such time as the people are freed from external pressure"

Sidelights on the Civil War in Spain

A HELPING HAND: Moorish soldiers, wounded in the fighting during the successful rebel advance on Malaga, dictate letters home to their wives in Morocco, one of the hospital nurses taking them down. The Moors, who have proved fearless and relentless fighters, have assisted General Franco since the very start of the civil war and there has been some criticism outside Spain of this use of coloured troops to help settle a white man's quarrel. The rebels point out, however, and with justice on their side, that the Moors, who once colonised the peninsula and whose blood to-day still runs through the veins of the Spanish people, form part of Spain's colonial army and it is only natural that they should take one side or the other

WITHIN RANGE OF THE RED GUNS: General Varela, one of Franco's most brilliant lieutenants who achieved distinction earlier in the campaign by his relief of the Alcazar at Toledo, pictured standing in the centre of a group of fellow officers during a short open-air service held in the barrack square at Carabanchal, near Madrid, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception

ENTER A NEW WORLD POWER—

The Argentine Republic

METROPOLIS OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE: The imposing Plaza Congreso, in Buenos Aires

WHEN, a short while ago, the sixteen Latin-American republics which are members of the League of Nations joined with Argentina, their recognised leader, in opposing the Roosevelt-Hull scheme for banishing war from the Western Hemisphere, on the ground that the proposals made ran counter to loyalty to Geneva, something transpired which can hardly be referred to as much less than the birth of a new World Power.

Argentina may still be relatively small in numbers, a matter of under 13,000,000 considerably over half of whom live in or around Buenos Aires and its celebrated pampas belt, yet the country has been steadily forging ahead, politically, in the past few years to the extent that it is to-day being courted simultaneously by Uncle Sam, John Bull, the Nazis, and the Fascists. Ourselves, with our immense holdings, keenness to trade and to sign meat and other pacts with the Argentine, are just one of several competing for the good graces of this rising land. A country that exports a third of the world's wheat, a fourth of the world's wool, and nearly 80 per cent. of the world's corn, clearly requires to be urgently noted.

As yet the Argentine may possess nothing on land, or sea, or in the air at all comparable with some of the freak national strengths that are being built up elsewhere, but that is not preventing her from already stepping in and making her weight felt in international affairs. It was she that virtually stopped the Chaco war by organising the successful mediation. Some years before, Argentina walked out of the League as a protest against the refusal to admit Germany on an equal footing. Last year it was she that led the stand on behalf of the weaker nations when the Assembly refused to show the Ethiopians the door. In the summer the Argentine sent a friendly mission to Spain to press for the principle of political asylum. A few weeks later, the Foreign Minister, Dr. Lamas, was elected to the presidency of the League Assembly and given the Nobel Peace Prize. And then, when the United States sought to put over their slightly fishy "good neighbour" policy at Buenos Aires, all South America rallied for the first time round one of their number, and uttered a polite "no." South America has had all the Monroe Doctrine that it can digest.

Argentina's is a very recent story: the youngest of all the American republics. Not until 1862 did she emerge into a nation after fifty years of terrible civil wars and despotisms. The territory to-day forming the Argentine Republic was colonised by three conflicting bands of Spanish conquistadores who fought each other every bit as savagely as they fought the Indians barring the route to all three. There resulted three vice-royalties, and these had the main say until the city of Buenos Aires broke from Spain 127 years ago and arrogated to itself the right to govern all the peoples of the territory—white, copper, or mixed.

To this day there survives a distinctive legacy of such wholesale taking over. The people of Buenos Aires, descended from pure Castilian and Aragonese stock, are proud to call themselves "porteños" or people of the port, whereas the inhabitants of the interior, are no less proud to call themselves "criollos". The latter dispute the Buenos Aires claim to have made the country. They hold that it was the gaucho, sired by the conquistadores and mothered by the brown-skinned Indian girls of the vanquished Indian tribes, who fashioned the Argentine into a nation—first by warding off the Indians while European civilisation took root, next by creating the militia which won freedom from the oppressing Spaniard, thirdly by compelling Buenos Aires to join in a federation.

It is interesting to note that in latter years the criollos of up country have received waves of mainly Italian emigration, and that the Argentine, in general, has much more white European blood than any other South American country.

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Argentina stretches over 2,000 miles from Bolivia down to Cape Horn yet is so narrow much of the distance that she comprises but a seventh of the total area of the continent and no more than a seventh of its total population. But she does one half of all the business, possesses over half the motor cars and telephones, consumes over half the printing paper, carries well over half the railway passengers and merchandise, and spends more on education than the remaining sixteen Latin-American States combined.

The country is to all intents and purposes composed of the boundless, fertile plains that have become famed as the pampas, and of the great Buenos Aires metropolitan area counting, to its farthest limits, not fewer than 4,000,000 inhabitants.

The pampas, immense treeless and grassy expanses, constitute a fifth of the whole country and extend in a semi-circle round the capital to a radius of 300 or 400 miles. Here are all the grazing lands together with the cultivated ground. Livestock, cereals, grain, abound on this marvellously fertile soil spoken of as the best to be found the world over. A rich alluvial deposit goes down as deep as a dozen feet. The pampas are said to conjure up the ocean, especially by certain half lights at sunrise or sunset; they are also reputed to generate brooding and melancholy which the criollos are wont to relieve with periodic wild beanos.

The mournful pampas boast no towns, only are these found on their edge. Very few individuals own the land which is almost entirely settled by tenant farmers enjoying but a slender standard of living. The landlords, when they are not in Paris or lording it in Buenos Aires, are to be found in their palatial estancias a sure sign of which is a clump of trees on the horizon, usually the only trees to relieve the monotony of the landscape. Inside these estancias are all the luxuries—polo and tennis grounds, swimming pools, the latest in internal comfort. Outside the park, for endless miles of open pasture land and cultivated fields, there is little to be seen but an occasional hutment carefully built in the protection of an isolated tree cluster. Here are the family of tenant farmers.

It is all very primitive, once outside that noble estancia. And during the long winter rains the dreariness can be devastating. At this writing, it should be about early autumn. The reversal of the seasons is, of course, complete. At Christmas—midsummer. Easter in the autumn. August will bring frost and snow quite low down. Spring comes in with the September equinox. October is a delicious month, while November conducts to airless and sultry December—January, with its flight of town dwellers to the seashore.

Hardly less striking than the disparity of living between the impoverished colono and the rich owner of the estancia is the contrast between the drab interior or pampas and the magnificent, thriving capital. Nearly the entire national wealth passes through Buenos Aires, and it is fully conscious of the fact. In twenty years the city has grown by just short of 2,000,000 and to-day only comes behind New York and Chicago for the whole Western Hemisphere. If an additional million working in the suburbs were included, Buenos Aires would beat Chicago. In fact, with the exception of freakishly truncated and top-heavy Austria, no other country has such a big proportion of its population settled in or adjacent to its capital.

Buenos Aires does not now retain a great deal redolent of Spain, save perhaps the language. Little of the siesta, lots of skyscrapers, and shrieking modernity. Its nearest approach on this side might be the Barcelona-that-was. Noisy, sophisticated, money-making, and on the serious side is contemporary Buenos Aires as it rapidly takes its place among the leading cities of the universe.

It is said to be easier to pick out an Argentine in a crowd than any other South American—that he is developing along a type of his own. Similarly, the Argentine women are accorded to be the most smart. The Argentinians are not now so definitely Spanish. Italian, German, Scottish, Scandinavian, and other blood is gradually having its effect, notably in the number of blonds that are appearing. Where the Argentine remains as he was concerns the realm of his personal dignity and in the relative seriousness with which he pursues his pleasures. In the post-war days there were more rows in El Garron's than anywhere else in Paris, and the reason was almost invariably Argentine dignity.

The two national distractions are horse-racing and lotteries. The two national games, football and tennis. The Palermo race track is one of the most famous in the world, but all over the country the natives are second only to the Irish in equine mania. They bet more in a month at Palermo than the whole year in Ireland.

Football is gaining prodigiously in popularity. There are at present over 100 leagues of from ten to twenty clubs apiece, and the number is steadily on the increase. The general switch-over to sport is said to be having a beneficial effect on the national character.

Such is a rough outline of what many believe to be a new World Power on the way, of a country that is filling more and more of the world's Press. For there is no stopping the growth of Argentina. If she has increased beyond all imagining since 1914, she shows every sign of being able to expand no less astonishingly between now and, say, 1950. She possesses so many things that the wider world stands in permanent need of. She can support a population several times the size of her present one. Geographically, she is as safe as most others from possible depredation. She is rapidly growing to political maturity as the leader of South America. She is being insistently courted by the mighty of this earth.

A great future seems to be opening for Argentina, one in which it is to be hoped we ourselves, who first lent a hand towards the country's modern development, will not be left behind; the competition promising to be on the heated side.

EGYPT AGAIN SENDS THE MAHMAL AND THE KISWA TO MECCA

Ancient Ceremonial Revived After an Interval of Twelve Years

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF GOLD EMBROIDERY: This elaborate howdah, which is known as the Mahmal and, being the symbol of royalty, is entitled to the same honours as royalty, was recently handed into the safe keeping of Mahmud Bey Bassiouni on the parade ground at Abbasia, Cairo, before, in accordance with ancient custom, being sent on its journey of pilgrimage to Mecca in company with the Kiswa (holy carpet). The journey was at one time made annually, but after 1925 was discontinued at the orders of the late King Fuad owing to trouble encountered en route by the Egyptian army escort. Now it has been revived again following this lapse of twelve years as a result of an agreement concluded between Egypt and the Hedjaz

THE SYMBOL OF ROYALTY IN HIS KEEPING: Mahmud Bey Bassiouni, leader of the Egyptian pilgrimage to Mecca, standing in front of the embroidered howdah after being put in charge of it at the Departure Ceremony at Abbasia

PARADE OF THE HOLY CARPET: Sections of the Kiswa, as it is called, being borne in solemn state round Abbasia parade ground before leaving in company with the royal howdah for Mecca where it will be used as a covering for the Kaaba (the shrine containing the sacred "black stone"). The day of departure was celebrated as a public holiday in Egypt, all Government departments and many private businesses being closed for the occasion, while the ceremonial was attended by the members of the Regency Council and by other notabilities

On left — MANY HANDS: Thirty-five men took four months to make the holy carpet, an elaborate and richly beautiful work inscribed with religious texts in gold and silver

BRITAIN'S FIVE-YEAR £1,500,000,000 RE-

ONE OF THE NEW HENDON NIGHT BOMBERS: A machine designed for long distance raiding, having an effective range of very nearly 1,000 miles. It is fitted with two Rolls-Royce Kestrel engines and has special search-lights built into the wings to facilitate landing in darkness. The pilot's all-glass cockpit is placed high in the fuselage

ROTATING GUN TURRETS are the out No. 101 (Medium Bomber) Squadron, fire and, in so doing, adding very mater

FINDING OUT THE LIE OF THE LAND: A member of the Royal Air Force School of Photography handling one of the most up-to-date types of aerial camera

IT was on February 12 that a surprised world learnt the news that Britain was to launch the largest programme of defence ever put before Parliament in time of peace, a scheme which in general terms, means that during the next five years Parliament would be authorised to appropriate the sum of £1,500,000,000 for this special purpose.

By far the largest proportion of the funds voted will go to the expansion of the R.A.F. and this point was clearly brought out by Mr. Baldwin last week when winding up the Defence Debate in the House of Commons, prior to the resolution being adopted by a big majority.

"The (chief) expansion is in the new arm—the air," said the Premier, "and the great expense of this programme is in the air where it is being expended, I believe, with the consent of the whole nation. There may be complaints here and there as to how it is being expended, but that this nation should possess an Air Force of immense power I believe is the view of practically every soul in this country. The question of aircraft defence is far more serious than it was at the time of the last war, and it is a form of defence that will probably increase as the radius of the aeroplanes from Europe increases."

A White Paper on the whole subject of defence has already been issued and the following is *The Times* summary of the clauses relating to the R.A.F.:

"No precise figures for the expansion of the R.A.F. in the coming year are given. It is noted that the man-power of the Force has increased from 31,000 in 1934 to more than 50,000 in 1936, and it is announced that a further large increase is contemplated in the coming financial year. The present first-line strength of the Metropolitan Air Force is now about 1,000 as compared with 580 when the expansion was begun, and the provision in the Estimates of the current year for aeroplanes and spares was £19,600,000, as compared with an average in pre-expansion years of about £6,000,000. A further 750

"THE ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY CHEETAH": It takes four men only eight hours to convert this Airspeed Envoy type from a passenger air liner into a formidable bomber. These planes, which have a maximum speed of 210 m.p.h., are being built at Portsmouth. A number have been ordered for South Africa

ARMAMENT PLAN: The Formation of an Air Arm of Immense Power—Some of the Latest Types of Planes in the R.A.F. Expansion Programme

standing feature of these machines of greatly increasing the field and accuracy of ally to the fighting efficiency of the planes

AERIAL TROOPSHIP: This Bristol plane can be used either as a long range heavy bomber or as a troop transport, having accommodation for no fewer than 23 soldiers fully equipped and armed. The nose has a revolving gun turret

first-line aircraft are required for the home force: a further 185 for oversea units; and another 250 for the Fleet Air Arm.

"The White Paper states that, in addition to first-line machines, sufficient reserves must be obtained 'to ensure that the first-line strength can be adequately maintained on an active service.' Some indication of the full extent of the orders for aircraft was obtained from Sir Philip Sassoon's recent statement that the total was greater than that of the orders placed during the seventeen years since the war, and from Sir Thomas Inskip's statement that between 1930–34 the average yearly number of air frames ordered for the R.A.F. was 700. This suggests a total expansion order of not less than 10,000 aircraft

"Reference is made to the accumulation of ammunition and the creation of adequate reserves of fuel. The beginning of this policy was indicated in the current year's increase of £3,000,000 for armaments and munitions, and of £500,000 for oil and petrol. The policy of building up a 'war potential' in the form of 'shadow' aircraft factories is dealt with, and it is mentioned that this principle is being adopted with regard to the supply of 'other types of munitions.' It is also pointed out that the principle of dispersing the new factories and of removing the explosives factories to 'safer localities' has been adopted. Finally, reference is made to the plans for the manufacture of balloons and the organisation of balloon barrages against air attack, and to the special precautions which are being taken to protect the civilian population against the worst effects of air attack."

In forthcoming issues of "The Sphere" the subject of naval and army expansion will be dealt with pictorially.

R.A.F. PERSONNEL: The man-power of the force increased from 31,000 in 1934 to more than 50,000 in 1936, and it is certain that the figures for 1937 will show another striking rise, this fact being indicated in a Government White Paper

IN THE GUN TURRET: A picture taken at Northcoates, Lincolnshire, where units from all parts of the country are sent to receive instruction in bombing and air gunnery, having opportunities of handling the very latest weapons

PRINCE ALY KHAN, son of H.H. the Aga Khan, making a speech in the Hasanabad Hall, Bombay, before distributing medals, struck in honour of his father's golden jubilee as religious leader of the Ismailite Muhammadans. Seated on the left is Princess Aly Khan

A SON TO PRAY FOR HIM: The Rajah Bahadur of Manda, garlanded with flowers and holding on his knee the son of the Rajah of Daiya during an interesting ceremony held recently at Allahabad when the former ruler, who has no son of his own, adopted this boy in accordance with the Hindu belief that every man should have at least one son to pray for the salvation of his soul after death. Priests came from Benares to officiate at the transference

PROPOUNDING EXTREMISM: A woman candidate of the Congress Party addressing a meeting in Bombay before the recent Indian elections. The Congress programme continues to be anti-Imperialistic in tone and is bitterly opposed to the new Constitution

PREPARING FOR THE POLLS: Sardar Vallabhai Patel, Chairman of the Congress Parliamentary Board, seated on a couch beneath a white canopied dais, when delivering an election address in a township of Bombay Presidency. The elections, which began in January and for which there are more than 5,000 candidates for 1,835 seats, are the first to be held under the new Indian Constitution

Viceregal Investiture Amid the Pomp of Imperial Delhi

When Soldiers, Politicians, Men of Law, and Men of Learning Receive the Rewards Bestowed Upon Them by Their Sovereign Across the Seas

SLOWLY the limousines continue their stately progress up the hill which forms the hub of Imperial Delhi. Sedately lines of dimmed headlights process through the wrought-iron gateway of the Viceroy's house, up the sunken approach to the western courtyard, round Lutyens's quadrangle to the public entrance.

It is during this solemn procession that doubts about Martha assail us. What if she should develop at the head of this august procession one of those temperamental whims so peculiar to her age and sex? What if Martha, so full of good works which her owner neither understands nor recognises, should develop a perversity in carburettor or magneto, with repercussions extending to the tail of this moving phalanx? Such speculations would make the hair of a bearskin stiffen electrically, a sword scabbard to rattle with anticipatory dread. But to-night Martha, like Kipling's liner, is a lady. We arrive in low gear with nothing worse than steam hissing quietly from the radiator. We enter the building.

Making our way past ladies in the latest modes of the rue de la Paix, past generals in scarlet tunics glittering with orders, bodyguardsmen with their lances decorating marble niches, civil officials in white knee breeches and levee coats of black and gold, we gain our chairs.

An aide-de-camp in scarlet and gold approaches our embrasure. "Will you please," he says, "*not* rise until the tail of the procession has passed behind you."

Shortly afterwards there follows a staccato word of command; the bodyguard carries lance. The ruling chiefs, headed by one in the robes of an exalted Indian order and with diamonds and pearls in profusion round his turban, process in. One chief wears a breastplate of flat, dull white stones about the size of shilling pieces. It is almost unbelievable that stones of such size can be diamonds. But they *are*. Another's aigrette is mounted within a setting of pearls about the size of robins' eggs. Feudal splendour passes before us, takes up its position on the wings below the thrones.

Another word of command; a fanfare of trumpets. The band in some invisible recess starts with what at first appear to be the opening bars of the National Anthem. Everyone stands up. Those opening bars turn out in reality to be the beginning of a processional march. People remain standing and we of the alcove, following mass suggestion like so many sheep, do the same. The head of the Viceregal procession, much less its tail, has not as yet passed our backs. We are relieved to think that the aide-de-camp, now marching sedately in that procession, is spared the sight of our singular failure.

Thus we all stand: the slow rhythm of measured tread echoes upon the marble flooring behind us. Slowly the head of the procession moves round the outer circumference, enters the hall. Aides-de-camp, bodyguard officers, politicals; two by two they range up the central aisle, halt, turn inwards. Slowly the Viceroy, in the robes of the Star of India and with train supported by two children of ruling chiefs dressed in blue satin and with aigrettes in their turbans, passes between the ranks towards the throne.

Her Excellency, in gold and red, with train of shot gold supported in like manner by young princes, follows, curtseys to the Viceroy, takes up her position before the second throne. The staff turns into file. Two by two they advance, bow, fall out, and take up their positions on each flank.

The political secretary gathers his robes about him and asks permission of His Excellency to open the proceedings. Then one by one the names of the recipients, their salient services, the honour which they are about to receive, are read out. One by one the recipients advance up the centre; bow; four paces forward; bow; four more paces forward; halt and bow again.

DELHI'S ARC DE TRIOMPHE: The smoke of the "Unquenched Fire of Remembrance" emerging from the summit of the National War Memorial Arch on Kingsway

There is a slight shuffle of adjustment as the Viceroy leans forward from the dais. The order is brought forward upon a velvet cushion.

"On behalf of the King Emperor and by His Majesty's command, I confer upon you the honour of the Most Exalted Order of ——. I congratulate you."

The Viceroy shakes hands. For a moment that charming, courteous smile illuminates those chiselled features. The recipient bows, backs four paces, bows again, backs four further paces, bows and turns to resume his seat.

And so it proceeds for fifty or more recipients. Her Excellency looks on in regal splendour, magnificent in robes which tone with the royal setting, in tiara which sparkles and twinkles against the scarlet background.

Underlings, bowing each time before the Viceroy, bring a footstool. The recipient of knighthood kneels upon one knee. The accolade is administered. "Arise Sir Archibald." The sword is returned to the military secretary who awaits the next recipient of knighthood.

So continues a stirring ritual whose roots must go back to the days of chivalry and King Arthur. For an hour and three-quarters soldiers, politicians, politicals, professors of universities, doctors of law, doctors of literature or midwifery, rich philanthropists follow one another for the rewards bestowed upon them by their sovereign across the seas. Imagination cannot resist a mental comparison between this disciplined ceremonial and the equally splendid but possibly less orderly ritual of Akbar's epoch, from which, presumably, the very name of Durbar originates.

Sitting in the second row of chairs, wives watch their menfolk being decorated. Each behaves according to individual temperament. Here pride in her man takes the form of a frank survey of the multitude. Let no one miss this decoree; let all look upon him as he moves forward so composedly, yet so modestly, to receive his honour. Her man. How envious less fortunate women must be. There, in contradistinction, a lady flushes prettily as her husband's name is read out, avoids shyly any possible glance from other eyes. Happiness at his just reward, pride in her man make her glance floorwards, though she watches out of the corner of one eye as her husband moves forward with military precision. Reserve forbids her showing her proud feelings and, lest she give herself away she avoids the eyes of friends. Cultured reserve and frank ambition are exhibited at the two extremes of the pole; between is represented every shade of personality.

There is a rustle as of leaves in the wind as each onlooker turns the page of the paper on which a short biography of each recipient is printed. It is the sole extraneous sound.

For 1¾ hrs. the staff stand rigidly at each flank, bodyguardsmen stand immobile in their niches. The atmosphere becomes increasingly oppressive. To stand at any time under ideal conditions of support for nearly 2 hrs. is not a task relished by everyone. To do so in thick, restricted clothing in a posture of rigidity must require discipline and physical endurance of a high order. The least imaginative among us cannot fail to be impressed.

Eventually the last recipient advances to receive his Order of St. John of Jerusalem, returns to his seat. The band once again strikes up a processional march. The staff, visibly relieved from their lengthy tension, file into procession. The four young train-bearers gather up their trains and the King's representative and his wife process out.

Finally from magnificent ritual and tradition we pass into the keen night air, to Martha and the bathos of human propulsion required to start her, to the workaday world now at least illumined with memories of a ceremonial evolved from the history of two great countries.

C. E. Wakeham

GAY RAQUETTEURS COME OVER THE BORDER

French-Americans Join the French-Canadians in Winter Sports Revelry at Ottawa

LEADER OF THE BAND: Beck Markoux, Drum Major of the Joan of Arc Snowshoe Club, of Manchester, New Hampshire, was a striking figure as she led her colleagues in the Ottawa Winter Sports Carnival Parade

WINTER CARNIVAL: The Carnival Queen's attendants with members of the 78 Snowshoe Clubs of Canada and New England who gathered in Ottawa recently to hold their annual winter sports meeting. The participants, who are known as raquetteurs and all of whom are of French origin, wear historic raquetteur costumes and a type of snowshoe that is a modification of that adopted by the Indian tribes and which is much more suitable for use in forest country than the ski

THEY'RE OFF: At the start of an international snowshoe contest. *Right*—Another picturesque drum major of one of the seventy-eight clubs

REINE DES RAQUETTEURS: Gabrielle Ethier, in private life a shop assistant, is crowned Carnival Queen by the Mayor of Ottawa

SANTA CLAUS: White bearded J. J. Ross, of Lewiston, Maine, one of the veterans at this year's carnival, pictured with members of Les Trappeurs Snowshoe Club of Montreal. It is only on this one occasion each year that French-Canadians and French-Americans really have a chance of getting together and renewing old acquaintanceships

Years ago inhabitants of old Quebec migrated across the border into the New England States. They became American citizens, but they never lost their French ancestry nor their language nor religion. They peopled towns in Maine and New Hampshire and spread along the New England coast. There was inter-marriage across the border and the French-Canadians and the French-Americans remained kith and kin. Now each year they cross the international border by their historic mode of winter travel. On both sides of the frontier there are Snowshoe Clubs, (Club des Raquetteurs.) This year they came to Ottawa, and for days the Canadian capital stirred to the music of their bands, the songs of old France and old Quebec, and the shouts of "Up, Up" as the raquetteurs took the snowy trail. Men, women, and children they came, all garbed in the historic costume de raquetteur, the gaily coloured blanket cloth coat and hood, with breeches for the men and skirts for the women. Carnival time is taken up with a round of festivities, but, most important of all are the snowshoe contests in which club rivals club and individual performers show their prowess in this mode of travel which the American Indians practised in the early days and which remains an ideal way of getting about when "Our Lady of the Snows" is clad in her winter mantle. *Thomas Wayling*

Buckingham Palace Again Occupied

The King and Queen and Princesses Take Up Residence

The Royal Home Now–and Then

The King and Queen officially took up residence at Buckingham Palace on the evening of February 15, finally bidding good-bye to No. 145, Piccadilly which had been their London home since shortly after they returned from their Australian tour ten years ago.

The whole move was accomplished without ceremony and, save for the bars across the windows of the royal nursery, just distinguishable from the ground level, there is no change to the passer-by in the external appearance of the Palace, the Royal Standard continuing to fly above it as it has done since the commencement of the reign, and the number of guards at the gates remaining the same.

Their Majesties are now using the suite of private apartments on the first floor formerly occupied by King George V and Queen Mary, while the little Princesses have a spacious "nursery flat."

Buckingham Palace, which is the youngest of the royal palaces, stands on the site of Buckingham House—a building acquired by George III in 1761 for the sum of £21,000. Having simple tastes, the King did not make great additions, merely contenting himself with stripping away some of the external ornaments and statuary. However, his successor, George IV, one of our foremost building monarchs, decided to make it into a real palace, appointing the great John Nash to do the work and persuading Parliament to allot £250,000 to meet the cost. Operations were begun in 1825, and the architect, interpreting his instructions in a broad manner, proceeded to pull down the old house and to erect a new one, which forms the basis of the Palace as we know it to-day. In 1847 further additions were made by Edward Blore, of Derby, the long east wing coming into being, and in 1913 that façade was replaced by the present more dignified design of Sir Aston Webb.

DOYEN OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD: Lord Wigram, the most experienced member of the King's Secretariat, who emerges from semi-retirement to act as the King's Private Secretary

OUTWARD EVIDENCE OF INWARD ALTERATIONS: The white-painted bars which have been placed across four upper-storey windows of the Palace indicate the rooms which have been converted into night and day nurseries for the accommodation of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose. The Queen has superintended their decoration and furnishing, just as she did at 145, Piccadilly

THE KING'S NEW FINANCIAL SECRETARY: Mr. F. P. Robinson, an Assistant Secretary at the Treasury, who succeeds Sir Ralph Harwood on the latter's retirement from duty

Winter All But Gone, Welcome Spring with a New Ford V-8 "22", just as fine a car as its bigger sister, but attractively less costly to buy, run and maintain. Roomily comfortable, finely equipped, excellently finished, inside and out, it charms passengers and driver equally, because "every seat's a front seat" in restful ease. Ford Dealers Revel in Revelation of the Wonders of Ford Production-Resources.

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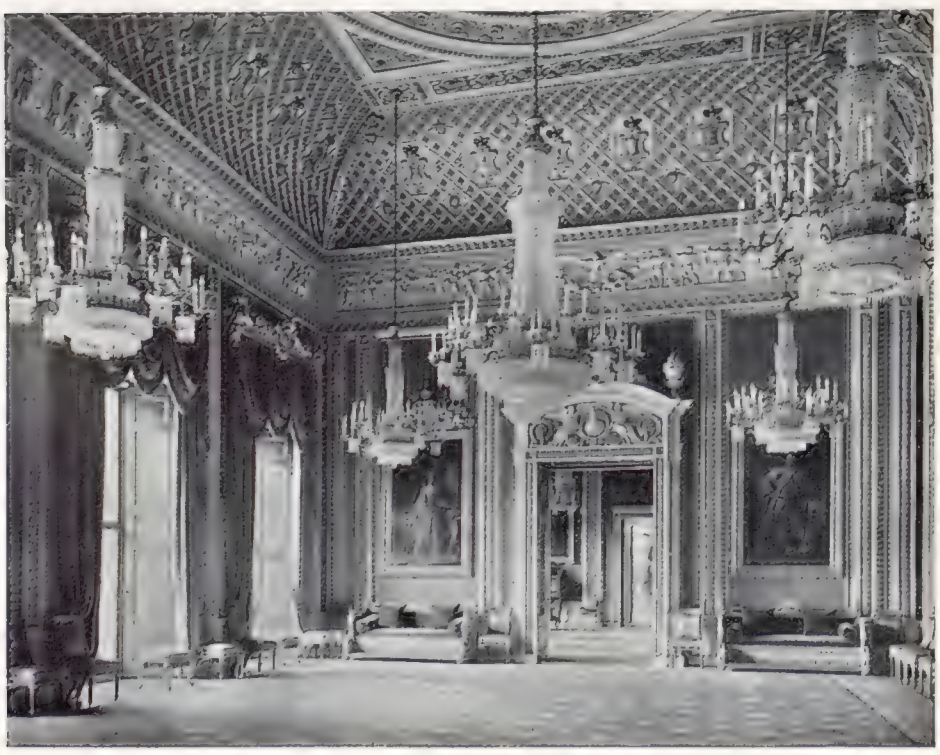
BUCKINGHAM PALACE PREPARED

Views of the State Apartments Recently Completed Prior to Their

THE MUSIC ROOM: A corner of one of the spacious apartments, showing the lapis lazuli columns with gilded capitals supporting a rich architrave, above which are bas reliefs of children bearing musical emblems. The ceiling is adorned with roses, shamrocks, and thistles



Buckingham Palace, large as it is, is only just adequate to meet the needs of the Court and only a short while ago, when alterations were being completed prior to their Majesties' leaving their Piccadilly home and taking up residence, some difficulty was experienced in finding a private sitting-room for King George and Queen Elizabeth as every apartment has its function although, of course, not always in use.

The palace is never shown to the public, but on great State occasions

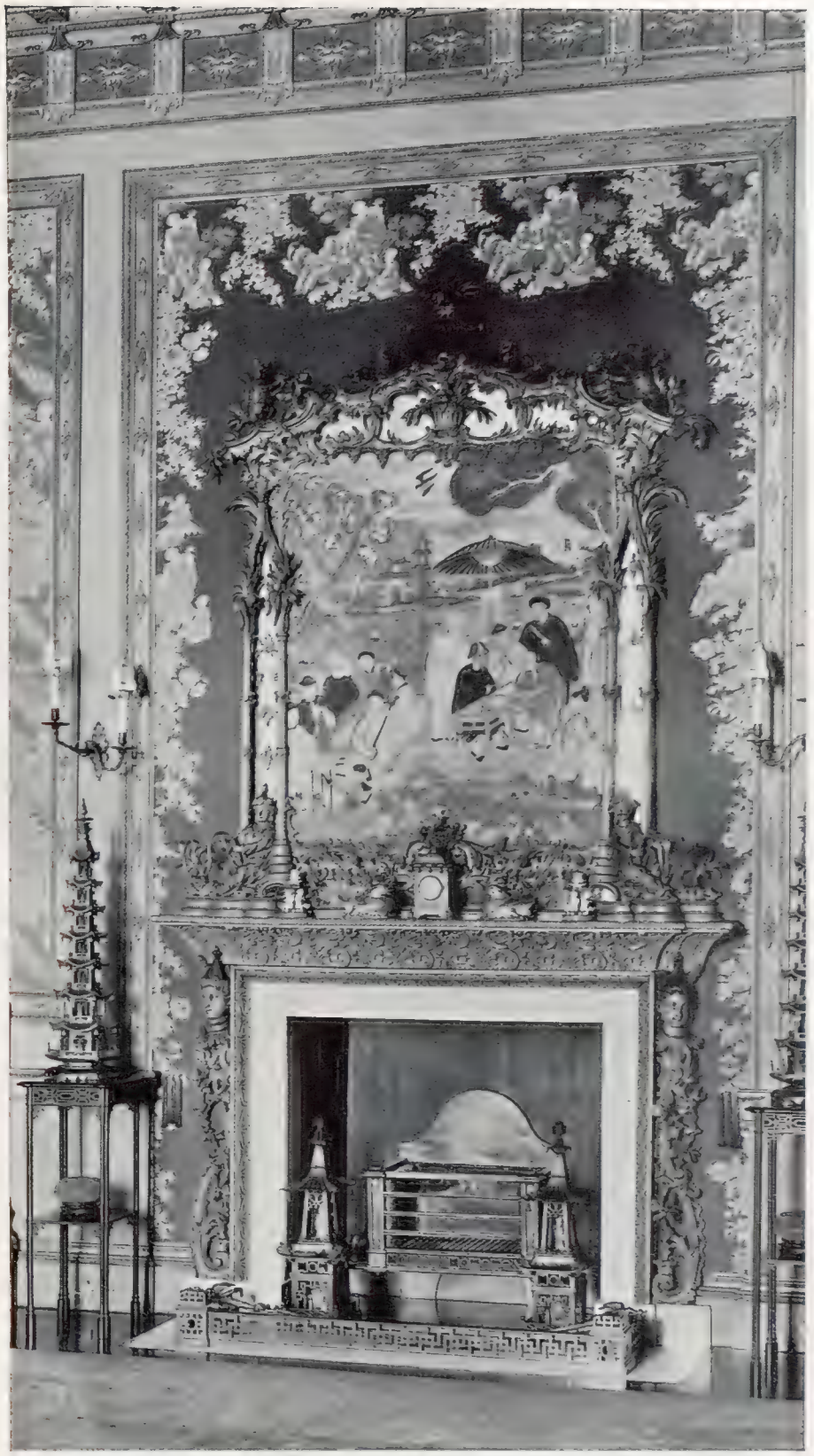
On left—THE THRONE ROOM where all the more important Court functions take place. The doorway, leading to the green drawing-room, has on either side of it the Coronation portraits of that devoted Royal couple, King George III and Queen Charlotte. The Queen bore fifteen children

D FOR THE KING AND QUEEN

ents, Where Improvements Were
heir Majesties' Taking Up Residence

THE WHITE DRAWING-ROOM: An impression of one of the principal State apartments painted for *The Sphere* by H. Davis Richter, R.I., R.O.I., who obtained special permission to visit the Palace in order to execute the commission. The magnificent crimson and gold decorative scheme harmonises to advantage with the elaborately adorned and painted ceiling

of the Court hundreds of debutantes have the chance of seeing its magnificence. Then the spacious apartments, enriched with their marble columns, blossom out in all the glory of colour and gilding. In the Throne Room, with its regal chairs of State at one end, there is a particularly fine marble frieze picturing the Wars of the Roses—a work of art that is often the subject of admiring comment. It was made from the designs of Stothard who was at the time well over seventy years of age



IN THE CHINESE ROCOCO TASTE: This mantelpiece of carved pine dates from the mid-eighteenth century and was brought to the Palace from Eltham Lodge, Kent. *Below*—The blue drawing-room, with a portrait of Edward VII occupying the left-hand wal

THE GREEN DRAWING-ROOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE is quite one of the finest of the State apartments, and here again the ceiling proclaims the lavish employment of gilding over elaborate plasterwork. The door on the right leads to the picture gallery which houses the collection started by George IV, and above it a portrait of James, Duke of Cambridge, as a child: while the doorway on the left leads to the guard chamber and grand staircase

A RURAL SETTING THOUGH IN LONDON'S BUSY HEART: An aerial impression of Buckingham Palace showing its sylvan surroundings on to which few private houses or public buildings encroach. The building itself has the form of a large quadrangle, but this has only been so since 1847 when Blore added the long east wing to the original three-sided structure set up by the great John Nash

QUEENS CALLED ELIZABETH

King George's Consort and Notable Predecessors Who Have Borne the Same Name

ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND: The portrait of the Tudor Queen, last and greatest of her line, by Nicholas Hilliard, a contemporary Court painter of note

THE NEW CHATELAINE OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Our present Queen, the latest of many royal bearers of the honoured name Elizabeth

ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, daughter of the upstart Earl Rivers, whose secret marriage to Edward IV aroused the indignation of the English nobles

MANY famed women have had the name Elizabeth which has loomed up time and time again in European history, its bearer more often than not a personage of vital interest. On this page are portraits of some of the more outstanding Queens Elizabeth, including of course our present King's beloved Consort, and below are biographical notes relating to them.

* * *

Elizabeth of England.—The last and the greatest of the Tudor line, was the daughter of Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII. The ups and downs of fortune she endured as a child, the dangers of her girlhood, enforced upon her great caution in action, courage in the face of danger, and dissimulation of her real motives. She trod the difficult path of a claimant to the Crown with great skill and, once seated on the throne, played her part so well that, amid all the religious and political ferment of the time, she left England more powerful than it had ever been before. Helped by clever and loyal statesmen she maintained the safety of the country largely by keeping France, Spain, and Holland guessing what her ultimate purpose was. Whether she ever intended to marry, whether she could have endured the sharing of her throne, are hard to know, but she used the choice of a husband among the royal applicants with great adroitness, getting every political advantage possible by playing one against the other.

ELIZABETH OF YORK, daughter of Edward IV and consort of Henry VII

ELIZABETH OF AUSTRIA the beautiful wife of the weak Charles IX of France

Elizabeth of Austria was the wife of Charles IX, the young King of France, who was so dominated by his masterful mother, Catherine de Medici, that he permitted the massacre of St. Bartholomew's, though he personally liked some of the leaders of the Huguenots. At one time he had been a suitor for the hand of Queen Elizabeth, although he was a sickly lad of fourteen and she a mature woman of thirty-two. He asked her to be godmother to his first-born child, which Elizabeth graciously accepted, sending the Earl of Worcester to act for her and to convey her gift of a font of pure gold. But no offspring survived of the ill-fated sons of Catherine de Medici, Charles IX dying of consumption, as had his elder brother, Francis II, the first husband of Mary, Queen of Scots.

* * *

Elizabeth of Bohemia.—The beautiful Queen of Bohemia was the only daughter of James I of England. She had been born in Falkland Palace, in Fife, when her father was James VI of Scotland. She accompanied her parents to England in 1603, and ten years later married Frederick, the Elector Palatine of the Rhine.

(*Continued on page* 344)

ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA, only daughter of James I. married Frederick, Elector Palatine of the Rhine who was later induced to accept the Bohemian throne. She was a woman of wit and gaiety

Elizabeth Woodville was the daughter of Earl Rivers—"a made lord who had won his fortune by marriage"—and her secret wedding to Edward IV greatly disgusted the nobles who intensely disliked this upstart family which was so showered with honours. Elizabeth bore two sons, the unfortunate young princes who were murdered in the Tower, and several daughters, the eldest of whom married Henry Tudor who was later to ascend the throne as Henry VII. Professor Oman describes the Queen as "the most callous and apathetic of women" basing his charge on her friendly attitude towards Richard III who was generally believed to have been guilty of doing away with her sons.

* * *

Elizabeth of York was the daughter of Edward IV and Elizabeth Woodville. She was really the rightful heir to the throne after her young brothers had been murdered in the Tower, and it was with that in their mind that Parliament requested Henry VII, the Lancastrian king, to marry her and so unite the two rival houses. It was a marriage of policy but, though Henry was not a very devoted husband, his wife does not appear to have been unhappy, and she certainly exercised a good influence over the cold, stern king.

ELIZABETH OF FRANCE: A Rubens portrait of the daughter of Henry IV, the first of the French Bourbon Kings, who married the pleasure loving Philip IV of Spain. Her daughter married Louis XIV

On Sculpting a Statue

FOR CASTING IN BRONZE

A Marathon Affair

Described by

CHARLES GRAVES

IT is no secret that a statue of King George V is contemplated. Indeed, almost every king is represented somewhere in the streets, parks, or squares of London. And it is highly probable that by the time this appears in print the name of the sculptor will be publicly divulged. In the meantime it is interesting to realise that if the latter started work to-day, the statue would not be complete for at least two years.

Of all the arts, sculpture is probably the least understood. This is partially due to the fact that there is no University course of sculpture either at Oxford or Cambridge. Indeed, the only exception is the Slade and its technical association with London University. Sculptors, too, are remarkably

modest people. Even Epstein rarely gives an interview. The others are still more retiring—more so even than architects. Incidentally there are not many of them. On the basis of 500 or 600 portrait painters in this country, there are only seventy or eighty sculptors who have any pretentions to the name of sculptor. Of these there are perhaps half a dozen who are outstanding and it is interesting to note that though sculpture is the most exacting, least appreciated, and most expensive of all the arts, nearly all those who follow this career began life without a penny.

But to get back to the statue of King George V. It is also no secret that it is to be placed in an enclosure near Westminster Abbey, and that it will show the late King in Admiral's uniform with the Garter robes. It will show him standing. At the moment, however, the exact height has not been decided. One can take for granted, however, that it will be between 8 ft. and 10 ft. in height—probably the latter.

The first stage in its erection will be a consultation between the sculptor and the architect selected as to the scale, the plan of the site, and the lay-out of the grounds round the statue. That having been decided, the sculptor makes a "sketch." Supposing for a moment that the statue is to be 10 ft. high, the sketch will be done in the ratio of 2 ins. to the foot; in other words, it will be 20 ins. high. This sketch is really a miniature statue in clay, and will take two or three months to complete. The sculptor will have a model dressed up in the robes. If he is lucky he will be lent an exact replica of what the late King himself used to wear, he himself having selected a model whose physique will exactly conform to the measurements of King George V.

The importance of the sketch cannot be over-emphasised, for the first quality of any successful sculpture is its silhouette; and it is the correctness of the silhouette which is the chief object of the sketch. The clay from which it is made is ordinary potter's clay bought by the ton at 10s. per cwt. and used perhaps again and again by the sculptor. In the sketch the sculptor will concentrate on the design of the robes, always bearing in mind the pedestal. This may be gothic, classic, or modern.

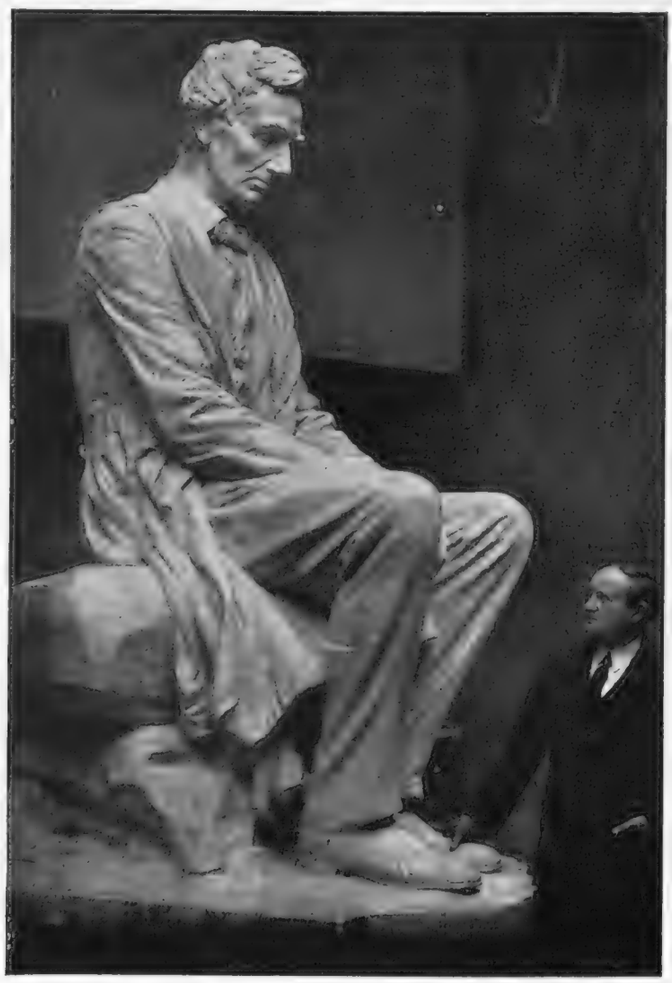
After working every day for two or three months the sketch should be complete, and the King George Memorial Executive Committee will be invited to inspect and approve. When this has taken place the sculptor starts to do another sketch. This is exactly twice the size and, in fact, is the working model. It is now that he concentrates on the detail such as the decorations. Most of it is done from the sketch, but he will also use the living model occasionally, this model costing 15s. a day. The working model has to be a perfectly finished miniature of a full size statue and every difficulty of composition overcome. This—believe it or not—takes another three months.

Now at last the sculptor begins on the full size affair in clay. This has to be built up with all kinds of equipment known as armature; in other words, the framework to support the clay. It will include several feet of composition piping ¾ in. thick, a coil of galvanised iron wire, numbers of wood laths which will have to be nailed together to form the chest and other parts of the body and possibly even wire netting. The sculptor need not actually put up the armature himself, but he needs to know enough about it to supervise his assistant. He will also require 3 or 4 tons of clay which has about the consistency of plasticine. The armature is really rough carpentry built around a strong central iron support, with suitable cross pieces and uprights to provide the skeleton framework on to which are nailed the laths.

CLAY COMES TO LIFE: *Above, left, and right*—Three phases in the making of a portrait bust, during which the material used by the artist can be moulded this way and that with consummate ease. Larger statues, states Charles Graves, often contain 3 or 4 tons of clay

Most important of all, perhaps, are the proportional calipers so that any measurements taken give a reduced measurement in the same ratio as the height of the working model is to the height of the living model. Sections of piping are then bound to the main iron stem of the statue to form the basis of the torso, backbone, arms, and legs. The proportion is of infinite importance now, for if any major alterations have to be made later it would involve an immense amount of work and worry. At this stage the sculptor starts to slap on his lumps of clay to a depth of about 2 ins. Even this rough and ready work takes a surprisingly long time.

At last the sculptor starts modelling, and this process alone will take him six months—to get the surface detail ready for the approval or disapproval of the committee. After the presumed approval the sculptor starts casting in plaster of Paris. This involves covering the whole statue with white plaster of the consistency of cream to a depth of 1 to 3 ins., which takes about a fortnight to dry and harden. The sculptor, it must be pointed out, has taken care to apply the plaster of Paris in sections so that when the mould has hardened completely it is possible to ease away the said sections with wedges. For it is not the clay that matters. What does matter is the inside of the plaster cast which is in fact the negative of the statue. Section by section this is removed and carefully put on one side. It may take a fortnight to reach the original woodwork and ironwork and to remove them too. The sections of plaster are then washed and relieved of their impurities with cold water and soft brushes—a process lasting perhaps three days. The pieces are then all put together again on a framework strengthened with canvas and wood to stop warping. The statue is now in the negative.



COLOSSUS AMONG MEN: This bronze statue of Abraham Lincoln is the work of James Earle Fraser, an eminent New York sculptor, and was recently placed in position and unveiled at the Eastern gateway of the Lincoln Highway, Jersey City, New Jersey. It is several times life size

The sculptor then proceeds to fill in the mould with plaster, thus making a positive once more—a process taking about a fortnight. After that is set, the next stage is to chip away the mould from the cast, taking care never to touch the original. This is not difficult, because the mould has been soaked and oiled. At this stage the sculptor chips away the lines marking the joints.

At long last the statue goes to the foundry, probably to Thames Ditton, where it is cast in bronze. This process lasts six months and is far too complicated to explain in detail, but what happens is this. A mould of sand is made from the plaster cast. This takes three men perhaps four months. The mould is then dried—a process lasting another two or three weeks. The metal is then poured into it, whereupon seven or eight men are engaged in breaking away the sand mould as soon as it has cooled and solidified. This takes a fortnight. Finally there is the finishing.

All of which goes to show that the statue of King George V outside Westminster Abbey will not be completed until late in 1939.

TWO LONDON ART DISPLAYS

The National Society and "Chelsea Draughtsmen" Exhibitions

"THE BLUE COCKATOO": An impression by Margaret Niven, R.O.I., of a noted Chelsea tea-house; one of five works by this clever artist now on view at the Eighth Annual Exhibition of the National Society of Painters, Sculptors, Engravers, and Potters at the Royal Institute Galleries, 195, Piccadilly, W.1.

"INHABITANT OF CYPRUS": A striking child study by Arnold Mason, a London artist who has submitted five canvases to the National Society's Exhibition

"TAXI": An entertaining canvas by John Leigh-Pemberton, R.O.I., at the National Society's Exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries. The semi-frivolous theme is handled with rare effect and without any over emphasis

On right—"THE MOAT, CARCASSONNE": A portion of the ancient fortifications, which for completeness and strength are probably unique in Europe, as depicted by Job Nixon R.W.S., R.E., always a prominent exhibitor

THE "CHELSEA DRAUGHTSMEN" AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES: *Left*—"James Joyce" by Augustus John. *Above*—"Head of a Girl" by Gerald Brockhurst. *Right*—"Paul Gauguin in Brittany" by A. S. Hartrick

Deciding that the societies to which they already belonged did not pay sufficient attention to simple drawings—the basic medium of artistic expression—twenty-one painters and sculptors recently banded together with the object of making good this deficiency, forming a group known as the "Chelsea Draughtsmen," and they are now holding their first exhibition at the Leicester Galleries, three of their portraiture exhibits being reproduced above. The new group is unusual in that it has neither committee, president, nor headquarters, but included in its very select membership are no fewer than seven Royal Academicians and Associates, Augustus John, Gerald Brockhurst, Charles Wheeler, and Henry Rushbury being among the most prominent.

A CHAOS OF LIGHT:

The Problems and Pitfalls of the Night-driving Motorist

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

THROUGH lack of foresight this country has allowed the whole problem of lights in and near our highways to get into complete chaos. Lights on the highways can be sub-divided into four divisions:—lights on vehicles, street illumination, lights on obstructions, and lights on premises bordering the roads.

Regarding lights on vehicles the Ministry have now done something but their measures are very half-hearted and it is exceedingly doubtful if they will accomplish what the authorities desire. The power of our side-lamps is now regulated and headlamps must conform to certain standards as regards anti-dazzle. Although this whole question of dazzle is a very serious one and a driver is forced to have a lamp incorporating a certain type of anti-dazzle mechanism there is apparently no regulation which compels him to use it.

If every motorist were kindly disposed towards his fellow road users we should probably not have much cause for complaint, but unfortunately, though not surprisingly, all motorists are not angels and so the dazzle problem is still with us. I find when I drive along one of our big trunk roads at night-time that most of the distance has to be covered with the headlamps dipped due to the fact that the oncoming traffic is practically continuous and the road fairly straight. I can, therefore, foresee the time when our lamps will have to conform to some permanent anti-dazzle standard and we shall have our cars fitted with headlights similar to those that one usually comes across on cars imported from America.

The second great problem in connection with lights on road vehicles is the contentious one of the rear-lights on cyclists. The cycling bodies have always fought hard against the suggestion that every cycle should be fitted with an efficient rear-light and, far from blaming them on taking up this attitude, I admire them in a sense principally because they steadfastly believe that if rear-lights were made compulsory the position of cyclists would not be made any safer, and every owner of a cycle would be put to additional expense and have a very grave liability placed upon him to make certain that his red lamp never went out during the hours of darkness. Some years back the carrying of a rear light by a cyclist would have been quite a difficult matter for it was practically impossible to find a reliable lamp of this nature, but to-day I should imagine that the majority of cyclists pin their faith to an electric front lamp and if I am right I can see no great hardship or difficulty in carrying a small electric rear light. I find when I have a passenger in my car, who usually cycles on the highway, he expresses amazement before long that I have been able to pick out cyclists en route and miss them.

Whilst on this subject of cyclists I would particularly request all motorists to dip their headlamps when meeting a cyclist coming in the opposite direction. Not only would that be a courtesy but also a great help towards the prevention of accidents. I would further suggest to the Ministry that they give serious consideration to the advisability of making lighting-up time at least half-an-hour earlier in the evenings than is the case at the moment. Dusk is, in my opinion, the most trying period of the whole day for driving due to the fact that some vehicles are light and some are not, and it is exceedingly difficult to pick out the latter in non-built-up areas.

Wherever one goes these days great activity can be noticed in our streets in endeavours to improve street illumination. Such activity is to be highly commended, but it seems to me that, although the various authorities are undoubtedly improving this illumination, this improvement could still be greater. At the moment we are finding more and more streets lit with high-powered lamps which give off a kind of bluish light, such as is usually associated with the mercury vapour lamp. This light is certainly efficient, but my own experience is that it is none too good in fog, and it has the unpleasant property of making all other lights look quite different. It also changes the colour of objects and, although it is of no importance, it makes people look like warmed-up corpses. I have not the faintest idea what type of lamp is used, or whether it is only supplied by one firm, but good as it is, I consider that the lighting on Purley Way is by far the best that has been produced up to the moment. The light is a pleasant gold. The lamps hung across the road are shielded so that the drivers cannot see them but only the light which they produce.

AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION'S ADEPT AID: The extraordinary amount of strain put on the A.A patrols during the recent flood period deserves to be recorded. No burden was too heavy for them to shoulder, and oftentimes work with an element of risk was cheerfully undertaken!

A HOLD-UP IN STYLE: Two members of the N.S.K.K., an association enrolled to help the Berlin traffic police. When a motorist is seen breaking traffic regulations he is stopped and his mistake courteously pointed out

IN AN OLD-WORLD SETTING: The timbers and thatch of this old cottage at Blewbury, Berkshire, make a pleasing background for the new M.G. 1½-litre four-seater

Evidently the authorities who have been responsible for the installation have the greatest confidence in their work because they have erected huge notices as one goes on to Purley Way requesting motorists to extinguish their headlamps. Although most of this road has no other lights to assist in its illumination a driver has no difficulty whatever in seeing a long way ahead without headlamps. For all I know this installation may be terribly expensive, which prevents its being universally adopted, but no council or authority should make a decision regarding new street illumination in their district without paying a visit to Purley Way after dark.

The position in connection with lights on highway obstructions is fantastic. Apparently any obstruction no matter how long, how wide, or where situated has to have one or more red lamps displayed on it during the hours of darkness. To those who do not use the roads at night-time this regulation undoubtedly appears commendable but night travellers on the road often find themselves in a state of complete confusion trying to decide by which side of a red lamp they should pass. As another example of confusion, I well remember having a heated argument with a policeman not so long ago in Windsor High Street. On the hill the road was up over a lengthy stretch and only half the road was available for traffic. On approaching the hill from the foot I saw a row of red lamps in front and being on a hill they looked as if they were all one above the other. I was able to discern which side of the road was available for traffic and gaily went on until I was stopped by a policeman half way through the lights.

When I had come to a standstill I noticed that he had been standing beside a traffic control board, one side of which was red and carried a red lamp on it and the other side was green and carried a white light. He asked me why I had ignored the traffic control red lamp and seemed very disinclined to believe me when I told him that the red lamp on his board was exactly the same as all the other red lamps and not knowing there was a control board I naturally treated it as an ordinary obstruction lamp, the same as its other ten or twelve companions. It seems to me that if we have red, orange, and green for official traffic signals those colours should be used for nothing else anywhere on or near our roads. Again in many places we have a traffic signal right beside orange illuminated globes fixed on islands. On occasions I have very nearly got into trouble because seeing what I thought was red and orange on the traffic signal I reduced my speed so as to cross over when it changed to green, only to find that the traffic signals were not showing red and orange but red alone, the orange being permanently displayed on an island and the angle of the island to the traffic signal being such that the orange appeared directly under the red.

To-day there is scarcely a shop, cinema or theatre which is not illuminated at night with red neon tubing. In addition we have still a few of the old fashioned chemists' shops that display a red light very prominently. The motorist when he is not looked upon as a murderer is assumed to be an idiot, but a man or woman who can, on the spur of the moment, differentiate between the various red lights on our highways to-day and act accordingly without hesitation can be no idiot. Even the engine driver who does not have the distraction of having to steer his vehicle would never be asked to pick out a red railway signal from another red light shown in an adjoining house. I doubt very much whether the railway companies would accept an illuminated advertisement on any one of their bridges that employed either red or green in its lighting. Undoubtedly, we are asking too much of the average motorist.

Although the present factory construction programme at Ford Works, Dagenham, is not yet completed, the Company has decided on the building of an additional 100,000 sq. ft. of factory space. The increased working area has been made necessary by the tremendous demand for Ford cars and the Fordson Commercial Vehicles. The additional space just approved will be rushed to completion as fast as possible in order to install machinery quickly and commence early production.

LIGHT HEADED

Lace Hats for the Spring, Weightless, but Charming and Infinitely Varied

An adaptation of the Liberty bonnet of the French revolution is shown at the head of this page. Made of fine lace, with a dull metallic flower on the brow, it ties with wide velvet ribbons beneath the hair at the back

Almost every woman looks her best in a tricorne, and the fact that it never loses its appeal is sufficient proof of its charm. The one above is made in picot straw and lace, with the veil tied with velvet beneath the chin

The little toque on the right is made in black net, the rolled brim bound with velvet ribbons, with a full veil of fine lace, and a bow perched high on the crown. All three models come from Harrods of Knightsbridge

"BIG BUSINESS" MAKES BRIGHT ENTERTAINMENT AT THE HIPPODROME: Bobby Howes and Vera Pearce with members of the chorus in the "Mammy" number in which they made a noisy success of a riotous burlesque of negro sentimentalists. The show is full of good things and very much in the old Hippodrome tradition

A SKATING PARTY IN THE VIENNA OF THE 'EIGHTIES provides the theme of *Les Patineurs*, the new ballet by Frederick Ashton, to music by Meyerbeer, which was presented for the first time at Sadler's Wells a few days ago. Starring in it is Margot Fonteyn, a young English dancer of whom great things are expected in the immediate future

WELL MET: Clark Gable and Joan Crawford make a fine starring couple in *Love on the Run*, a typical and amusing Hollywood picture of the lighter sort

EQUINE AMITY! Henry Fonda and Annabella, a picture of blonde loveliness, in *Wings of the Morning* — a Technicolor film which has been produced by Robert T. Kane

ON STAGE

PERSONS accused of murder who in Scotland regain their liberty through a verdict of "Not Proven" are usually considered lucky. One Margaret Wishart, acquitted in Edinburgh thirty years before (according to the story of the play, *Suspect*) of the charge of having leaped stark naked through a Scots mist and butchered her father and step-mother with an axe, might have been better off had she been hanged. She had a h—ll of a time later.

She lived drearily on and on in a Cornwall fishing village surrounded by mists, though she said she did not like mists, and we know why. She tramped ceaselessly up and down her sitting room, which no doubt made her feel very cornish. She idolised her son, who did not know her grim story. But a newspaper magnate, who had been a reporter on an Edinburgh evening paper during the trial, recognised her and nosed it out again, because the son was going to marry a nice girl and hereditary tendencies were feared. The widow protested her innocence and even convinced her accusers a second time.

Yet—well, I ask those who visit St. Martin's to watch that axe. It had been used for chopping up logs and for cutting the ends off a bunch of flowers for the magnate's wife. It was to have a further use. For as the curtain fell . . .

Certainly a creepy play, and up to a point a reasonable one, though I do not think even a newspaper minimate would stay with a weird widow for amateur detective work, with a cricket match on the village green thrown in. Miss Mary Morris, from America (where the blondes come from) could make *Charley's Aunt* macabre and suggested a daemonic version of the Statue of Liberty on a misty day. Mr. David Horne as the millionaire, Miss Doris Lytton as his pleasant wife, and Miss Jean Cadell in a part that might have been written for her, and possibly was, were very near perfection. But Mr. Stafford Hilliard's parson of the parish was perfection itself.

"Wise To-morrow."—Optimists as to the state of the British drama received some encouragement last week when Mr. Firth Shephard stepped on the stage of the Lyric Theatre after the frantic applause had died down and announced that the author of *Wise To-morrow*, Mr. Stephen Powys, is young and British. For another point to be noted is that Mr. Shephard has already shepherded to success three plays still keeping their box-office telephones busy elsewhere.

Mr. Powys will, I trust, now settle down comfortably to write a really good play having evolved one which should make plenty of money for himself and for all others concerned. He so obviously has talent and a knack for the stage; to be bowled for a duck's egg at the outset might have led him to discard both.

To get over the medicine first, his mistakes are a tendency to write "bright" dialogue, which isn't so very bright, just for the sake of comic relief and to add whole scenes, with the same object in view, which are neither comic nor a relief to anybody. Two of these—one between Mr. Naunton Wayne and an actress's dresser, and another at the begining of the last act—merely made me relieved when they left off.

As against this, he has a good, sound, unhealthy theatrical story to tell and knows how to tell it! Its two chief figures are actresses, and, as actresses, they behave theatrically on every available occasion. Certain discerning folk count this against Mr. Powys for unrighteousness or, at least, incorrectness; by which I gather, either that they have never met actresses or, if so, have failed to discern that 96¾ per cent. of them act more indefatigably off the stage than they do on it, and usually rather better.

The elder of the two is a real old-timer, one Diana Ebury, who describes herself as having been in Sir Henry Irving's company on the night he died in Bradford. Since she is depicted as a selfish, posturing vampire, with unpleasant manners and a suggestion of still worse habits, the author should have allowed his fiction to be wholly fictitious. He is wise however, to emphasise that her interest in the younger actress is, in the main, analogous to that of Svengali in *Trilby*. But the cropped-haired he-girl secretary lurks in the background, and between them they break the girl's engagement with a nice young man, who eventually marries a nicer non-actress sister.

The secretary would have been loathsome had not the author given her a sense of humour and had not Miss Olga Lindo given a peculiarly subtle performance. Diana might have been a bore as well as unpleasant had it not been for Miss Martita Hunt's brilliance and a certain sympathy evoked by the nasty old thing's rather plucky "final appearance." For she died while reciting at a cocktail party, which promptly died on everyone else,

But *Wise To-morrow*, for all its unevenness, is consistently alive. Miss Diana Churchill having to show us, in the younger actress, not much more than a colourless moron, carefully coloured her up into a neat picture of the unscrupulous little pseudo-

AND SCREEN

Watch the Axe at the St. Martin's : Stephen Powys, a Young Playwright of Talent and Stage Sense

By PHILIP PAGE

star, with her "darlings" and her insincerity and her drama-jargon and her nose for publicity; her last scene was triumphantly the real thing. Miss Nora Swinburne was a delightful Mary to this meretricious Martha, and Mr. Archibald Batty uttered some conventionally amusing nit-wittery without batting an eye-lid.

Mr. Naunton Wayne, uprooted for the first time from entertainment of a vastly different type, was comical-pathetical, while remaining perfectly in the picture. It is only inferior wines that will not travel.

"Tavern in the Town."—Mr. Arthur Macrae is known for being the author of at least one good light-comedy and for several good light-comedy performances. His latest play *Tavern in the Town*, produced at the Embassy Theatre last week, is rather heavier. The tavern in question is in Mayfair, one little corner of which has a tavern or two known to such tavern-haunters as exist in that exclusive district for being—well, not quite as other taverns. This is not touched upon by the author, though his tavern is not wholly concerned with normal traffic in drink and conversation.

There is, for instance, traffic in drugs, which a former proprietor had connived at; it is an embarrassing burden to his successors. Where there are drugs there is usually blackmail, and at times the atmosphere of the place resembles a *boîte* in the *Vieux Port* district of Marseilles rather than a London pub. The shadow of blackmail is rather too sinister for a slender dramatic development.

Is this melodrama with comic relief or comedy with a melodramatic tinge? The mixture even in its present form is not inacceptable and Mr. Macrae is too wise ever to allow his audience to be bored. But the whole thing is a trifle indeterminate.

The comic relief is contributed in glorious measure by Miss Margaret Rutherford as a maiden aunt so droll that it would pay any publican to give her a salary to remain on his premises permanently during opening hours. This is the performance of a true comedienne. For the rest there is sentimentality in plenty from the flirting of a rich frequenter to the wooing of a barmaid by a barman. Some of this leads to squabbles and most of it is flawlessly acted. All that *Tavern in the Town* needs is more substance and more directness.

This is the latest of over a hundred plays which Mr. Ronald Adam has produced at his outlying theatre, for all its geographical position one of the most vitally central spots of the British drama to-day. It is not the best of those plays, though pretty high up on the list. Hardly half a dozen of Mr. Adam's productions I have seen—and I have seen at least 75 per cent. of them—have been disappointing and not one has been downright poor. There is no mystery about this amazing success and probably not much luck. It is merely a proof that intelligence, enthusiasm, and plodding work can have their reward sometimes.

If some future historian of the theatre were to look for the most important era of dramatic activity in post-war London, he would not be wrong in pointing to the Adam period.

"Big Business."—Hippodrome patrons are a conservative crowd. When they find something to their liking they not only make a note of it but stick to it year after year. Their choice is a musical-comedy with a plot of sorts, which does not matter very much, and Miss Vera Pearce, Mr. Wylie Watson, and Mr. Bobby Howes in the cast.

That it is dangerous to change the bowling is proved by the unfortunate production last year of a piece called *Certainly, Sir*, graced by that very great comedian, Mr. George Robey, and also by Miss Renée Houston, whose following is as the sands of at any rate a Scots seashore. The "book" of *Certainly, Sir*, though foolish, did not strike me as being below the Hippodrome level; indeed, in some respects it was above it. Yet the failure was almost sensational and the run short.

With *Big Business* the old scheme is resumed and all will doubtless be well. The issue was never, I think, in doubt even on the first night, though the entertainment was on the tame side until Mr. Howes fell into the arms of Miss Pearce to have his face "massaged," and emerged resembling a blacked-up Mr. Laddie Cliff following in the footsteps—very nimble ones too—of Mr. G. H. Elliott. This "coal black Mammy" duet with cake-walking chorus, caught everyone's fancy, woke me from an incipient doze, and set the show on its feet generally. It has a good swinging tune, the best tune in the piece with the exception of our old friend "Funiculi, Funicula."

A Robin Hood pageant, with some clever near-Edward German musical adornments, gave Miss Pearce a chance to show what a superb principal boy she could be if necessary (there is nothing in the line of light entertainment Miss Pearce cannot do) and a glimpse of Mr. Howes as a miniature but close relation of Mr. Clifford Bax or Mr. William Shakespeare.

Mr. Wylie Watson, this time without his 'cello, put in some detective work in lugubriously amusing Lancashire, and could further be seen as part of a giraffe, part of an arm-chair, and in all sorts of other parts. Besides being a detective on his own account he is throughout the ideal Dr. Watson to Mr. Howes' Holmes—an agreeable couple. Mr. Howes, whether cannoning off Miss Pearce's defences, or attempting to enter an hotel, or pretending to be a German physical instructor, or carrying gaily on with such shreds of love-interest as exist, can be attractively active without being irritatingly restless. That must be due partly to nice personality and partly to nice judgment.

The dancing is slick and graceful, the dancers being better by far to look upon than the dresses they wear and the scenery which surrounds them.

One of these dancing numbers showed an ingenious, though not original, device by which the girls wore masks at the back of their heads and bowed and contorted in all directions with bizarre effect. Some of the girls looked prettier viewed from the back, and all would be improved by frocks of less garish hue.

I must not omit the refreshing gangster lingo of Mr. David Burns who brought the sinister humour of Chicago into the cheerful inanity of a show which should run until next pantomime season. *Big Business* deserves such a run by reason of its bustling merriment, its immense efficiency, and its determination to give its patrons just what they expect and no more.

Special "Sphere" picture

"I PRAY YOU MAR NO MORE TREES WITH WRITING LOVE SONGS IN THEIR BARKS" says Jacques (Leon Quatermaine) and receives from Orlando (Michael Redgrave) the apt retort "I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill favouredly." An episode from *As You Like It*, which has been having a highly successful three weeks' run at the New Theatre and will afterwards be succeeded by *The Taming of the Shrew*

CURTAIN RAISER: Athene Seyler and Edward Chapman in Thornton Wilder's charming one-act play *Love and How to Cure It*, which precedes Bernard Shaw's *Candida* at the Globe Theatre

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

SALLY BENSON—MISTRESS OF SATIRE: The recent publication in the *Evening Standard* of a number of cleverly conceived sketches from her new book, *People Are Fascinating*, has drawn attention to the marked ability of this young writer in the portrayal of character and in the exposing of human weaknesses. Her highly individual, sub-acid style lacks nothing in maturity

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

EVERY schoolboy knows how important is the choice of one's parents. If, as I believe, a writing star danced when Miss Daphne du Maurier was born, how wise was her choice of the inimitable Gerald for a father and to have secured the author of *Trilby* as a grandfather.

For Miss du Maurier, after one or two plausible attempts at the novel, assuredly struck the fountain of exceptional talent with the not too obvious (for her) subject of a biography of her father. She struck not only that fountain but what is known as a new note—as well as the critics—all of a heap, as they say. So a new star was added to the brilliant family constellation, and it was natural that as it shone with its purest rays serene, when it gazed upon family biography, the family tree was in for a good shaking.

In our ignorance we might have supposed that the ripest and plummiest plum would be George—from the cradle to the grave, rich, in middle life, with the full dress of his triumphant *Punch* and *Trilby* days. But no, for in the family chronicle of **THE DU MAURIERS** (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) George takes his appointed place, which is a back seat compared with the enthronement of Mary Anne Clarke, mistress of the Duke of York.

Miss du Maurier has the quality, rare in biographers, of enriching her subject with her own personality, so that the further we delve into the history and character of Mary Anne Clarke, the more excited and interested we become. Pilloried and reviled by public opinion in her day, cartooned, caricatured, and detested by a society with none too high a standard of morals of its own, this good lady (or should we say, bad lady) has earned, by tradition, the right to the romantic affections of a future generation. You may be sure that if her sins found her out in her own day, they are equally fit for romantic dramatisation after 100 years. And Royalty is always Royalty.

What a biographical plum is this shameless, vivacious ancestress, when one considers the more solid fruit of the du Maurier tree, from which sprang the Busson du Mauriers, those patterns of respectability from Western France, until we come to the curly-locked Louis-Mathurin Busson du Maurier, with his flowing cape and golden voice, charming and cadging his way through life, and insuring himself against a natural fecklessness by marrying Mary Anne's daughter. And then, with the interpolated drama of Louise, we arrive at George, christened Palmella, in the hope of something from a Portuguese duke which never matured.

Did I say that George's was the back seat? Well, in spite of his fame, his charm, his industry, and the obvious affection of his biographer, in such a family *que voulez-vous?* Even his younger brother "Gyggy" bags most of the romantic limelight in and about his pages.

What a family; what material; what a book. And how Gerald would have adored it!

JUAN IN CHINA (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.) is a direct sequel to the fantastic and delightful *Juan in America*, equally delightful, and only less fantastic because a total ignorance of the Orient makes me a little cautious in discriminating between what is China and what is *echte* Linklater. However, I am convinced that only Juan could have discovered the beautiful Siamese twins who sang, so horribly, by mathematical calculation, or little Hikohoki, who had a finger in every pie and as many fingers as a centipede has legs, and the magnificent Flanders at whose voice in the long bar at Shanghai "the air was filled with the thought of thundering hooves, and the menace of a long line of spears."

Shanghai at a time of extreme unpleasantness, with war breaking out between the Chinese and Japanese and the town alive, *vide* Mr. Linklater, with American gun-runners, unemployed Russian beauties, persistent horse-copers, and sleepless newspaper men.

Juan, need I say, remains superbly equal to every situation, and leaves himself enough leisure to take a more than intelligent interest in champagne, vodka, women writers, and exquisite revolutionaries. He saunters through battles, often sick with fright but miraculously scatheless, and if he has to be injured it is by falling off a stationary bus, and if he has to convalesce it is in a delightful house with a greater number of bedrooms than is usually considered necessary.

Juan, in other words, is the man for our money, certainly for our seven-and-sixpennyworth and I even think that if, in an arbitrary division all mankind were separated into hosts and guests, Juan would come very near to being the perfect host. His resources of entertainment must be fabulous, whereas in the role of guest, and even at his most complaisant, I would prefer something a little less volcanic in my house.

There is something of the extreme sophistication of the summer season at Salzburg about **THE MOON IN THE SOUTH** (Martin Secker & Warburg. 7s. 6d). The lovely Tyrol country, the hot summers, and the thin, silver rain are there, but they are there to be appreciated by the most worldly of audiences. The simple pleasures of mountain walks, and rough wine and bread, and spartan white-washed bedrooms have, in Mr. Carl Zuckmayer's story, the special significance of refreshing "treats" for people weary of mundanities.

The beautiful castle of Salvare, not far from the Italian frontier, in which the scene is laid, has all the attributes of romance, one-armed, faithful retainers, blind old ladies with a taste for Bach concertos, noble peasant women, and an admirably constant moon.

As for Firmin and Magdalena, the brother and sister who have the excellent taste to live in the castle and perpetuate its legends, they are as real and as bewitching as the creations of Hans Andersen. Their story is not improbable by the standards of any fairy tale, and if the climax of their story does not come with the impetus of a shock it is because one has never lost the feeling of remoteness which is the book's chief charm.

Chapels, coal-mines, harmoniums, rain-puddled mountain roads, and singing make up a scene as typically Welsh as one can imagine. **DEEP WATERS** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) however, is Welsh in feeling as well as in scene. Its characters are religious, fatalistic, passionate, and reserved as only one of their countrymen could paint them. As a matter of fact their uniformly high standard of conduct makes one a little uneasy at times. There is not one shiftless soul in the community, and even murder is committed for the most merciful of reasons.

Mr. Ronald Elwy Mitchell assuredly knows his Wales, its voices and angers and lack of humour, and he makes the best use of the deep but at the same time facile emotionalism of its people. His Mary Evans, who made the mistake of reasoning too closely at times when blind acceptance would have been the only happy solution, is an excellent portrait, and it is all the more effective because the solitary voice of her reason contrasts so sharply with the muddled impulses of her family and her friends.

Such a story is inevitably a tragedy and Mary Evans' suicide, with which the book closes, is the expected, final note of drama. It is melancholy, though not dull reading, and shows Mr. Mitchell as a writer with a sensitive talent.

How difficult it is to read a book of propaganda, either pro-Communist or anti-Communist, with an entirely unbiassed judgment. Even if one takes a not very creditable middle line of admitting the possibilities of Communism for Russia while vetoing it for the rest of the world, one is liable to have unspoken prejudices about the way in which such a Communism should be applied, and those prejudices take one back to the starting point of unequivocal for-or-against.

I WAS A SOVIET WORKER (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) is a particularly apt example of this kind of reader's problem since it is written by a man who has been one of the Soviet State's most wholehearted supporters, and has come to regard it in the light of complete disillusion.

Mr. Andrew Smith is an American mechanic, and he was, at the time of his first visit to Russia, an ardent and active Communist. Shortly after his return to America he was told, and was himself convinced of the success of the Five Year Plan. He decided to go to Russia with his wife, and share in the new life of progress which seemed open to him. He gave away the greater part of his savings and arrived in Moscow in the early spring of 1932. Three years later he crossed the Russian border into Poland, "free at last."

Mr. Smith's narrative is carefully objective. Again and again he emphasises the fact that he has no personal grudge against the Soviet Government. In several instances during his life in Russia, he actually published the fact that he resented the preferential treatment which he had sometimes been shown, to the disadvantage of the native Russian workers. His disillusion was concerned with the failure of the principles of the system, which, he maintains, has created class divisions as profound as any under the pre-Revolution administrations.

His quarrel is with Communism as it is currently practised in the U.S.S.R. and not with any individual exponents of it. His book gives an appalling picture of conditions in Russia and he has the discretion to leave these scenes to point their own moral.

LETTERS OF NELSON

Correspondence with Admiral Duckworth which recently fetched nearly £2,000 at a London auction.

Some remarkably interesting letters written by Nelson to Admiral Duckworth were sold at Sotheby's last week and, after spirited bidding, realised nearly £2,000. One of these was penned when the great commander was defying Lord Keith, his C.-in-C.; and reads as follows:—

". . . I am aware that the first moment any insult is offered to the British Flag is to get as large a force as possible off Algiers and seize all his cruisers, but if in such a contest any English vessel is taken I know what will be said against me, but my dear Admiral where the object of the actor is only to serve faithfully I feel superior to the smirks or frowns of any Board . . . but I see clearly that they wish to show I am unfit for this command, I will readily acknowledge it and therefore they need have no scruple about sending out a commander-in-chief."

Another letter of almost equal interest was written at the time of the Battle of Copenhagen and is dated April 29, 1801.

". . . I am doomed to be placed in the background and I have only to thank myself for keeping my head above water so as to be noticed by the world. Ill health is now obliging me again to return to England, and it is very probable that my Flag will never be hoisted unless Lord St. Vincent can establish that a Commander-in-Chief is a sinecure place and that he may place a *Deputy* to do the duty *without pay or reward* . . . Ours is the course of *Justice* and I hope there is still virtue enough left in a British jury to render it against *money* or influence.

In the letter which brought the highest price (£85) Nelson refers to Napoleon as being mounted on "a capering mad horse" and that "notwithstanding many think he has a good seat, he will get a fall never to rise again."

One of the things I have enjoyed most this week has been reading the Studio Year Book **DECORATIVE ART 1937**, seven-eighths of which consists of photographs and convincingly coloured illustrations of all the houses and rooms and furniture I have ever wanted. The section on bathrooms alone is worth buying, and the kitchens, with their work and noise saving equipment should be any cook's vision of the millennium.

Examples of designing, whether by architects or furniture makers or weavers, are taken from all over the world. Some of the most effective houses are in Greece, startlingly white and built for coolness and complete simplicity. Altogether a book to gloat over, and to keep by one if there is any refurnishing or building to be done.

Saving Gems of SCOTTISH ARCHITECTURE

From Decay and the Threat of Demolition

URBAN CHARM: These characteristic thatched and tiled cottages in the ancient Royal Burgh of Falkland, Fife, a short while ago had a narrow escape from demolition, being saved at the last moment through the efforts of a local society known as The Friends of Falkland

AN HISTORIC RESIDENCE IN TRAGIC DISREPAIR: This house, which once belonged to Andrew Lamb, a noted citizen of Leith in the sixteenth century and in which Mary Queen of Scots spent a day on her return to Scotland from France in 1561, is shortly to be restored to beauty and utility by the Marquess of Bute. To-day its plight is sad in the extreme

IN OLD KIRKCALDY: These houses in Sailor's Walk, one of which dates from the sixteenth century and is supposed to have once lodged Mary of Guise, have been saved from demolition by a local committee with the help of the National Trust for Scotland, a deserving body that is now issuing an appeal for funds for the purpose of preserving some of Scotland's smaller houses of historic interest

Among the first contributors to the appeal launched by the National Trust for Scotland is Her Majesty the Queen. The appeal is made for funds for the specific purpose of preserving from demolition a number of the remaining smaller houses—chiefly of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—now threatened with demolition; gems of Scottish architecture which were recently the subject of a speech in the Lords by the Earl of Crawford, who stated that such places were being swept away "not by the hundred only but almost by the thousand." When taken over by the Trust the houses will be restored, that is brought up to date internally without their essential character being in any way damaged, and will then worthily take their place as national monuments. Donations towards the appeal are being received by Sir Iain Colquhoun, chairman of the Trust, at the headquarters of the Royal Bank of Scotland

IN THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN: Ford House, a typical 17th-century Scottish residence with one of the old "pepperpot" towers utilised for containing the staircase. *Right*—Pre-Reformation houses in Dean's Court, St. Andrew's—a city at the moment much threatened by pick-axe vandalism

Children of Other Lands

A PHOTOGRAPHIC SYMPOSIUM

CANADA: Yvonne, one of the famed Dionne quins of Callander, Ontario, goes tobogganing in her gay snow suit

LAPLAND: Firmly laced in his draught-proof bark cradle this baby can, with equal convenience, be put on a shelf, hung on a peg, or taken for a ride in the family sledge

CHINA: Evidently a laughing matter, but baby, engrossed in his plaything, equally evidently does not share the joke

Paul Popper

MIDDLE EUROPE: It's the same the whole world over; that look instinct with adoration and protectiveness with which a mother gazes on her child. Here the camera catches the expression to perfection

INDIA: Another camera study with motherly love as its theme. A Hindu and her dark-eyed child

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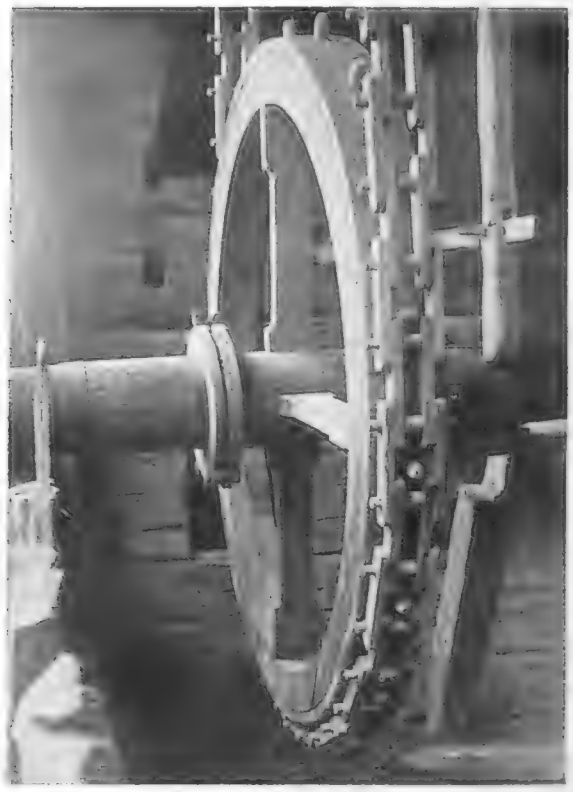
CURIOSITIES OF ART AND ENGINEERING



AUSTRIAN WATER MILL WHEEL AND CHAIN CONSTRUCTED ENTIRELY OF WOOD: An engineering curiosity at Obermauern, East Tyrol, a part of the world where iron and steel are too valuable to use except where no other medium is possible

An Austrian Wooden Chain and Sprocket Wheel

The unusual picture on the left was taken at a mill at Obermauern, in East Tyrol, Austria, and the following description of it is given by R. C. Winton, of Healing, Lincolnshire.

"These water mills," he says, "are usually situated right beside the stream which supplies the power, but this particular mill has a water-wheel driving a reduction gearing, the gear wheels of which, including the teeth, are constructed of wood. The power is transmitted along 60 ft. of wooden shafting consisting of trunks of trees spliced together and running in wooden journals. Then come the wheel and chain at the mill itself, which is for grinding corn. The wheel is about 5 ft. in diameter and both wheel and chain are constructed entirely of wood without even the use of steel nails.

"The whole assembly is new and typical of the Austrian Tyrol, where iron and steel are too valuable to use except where absolutely indispensable, and where every man is his own engineer in wood, which results in some highly individualistic lay-outs. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that if you give a Tyrolese peasant a safety razor blade he will make a sawmill out of it."

"Puzzle-Vase".—In the February issue of *Man*, a monthly journal dealing with anthropological science, Professor J. L. Myres, gives an interesting description of the curious vessel which is now in the Ethnoraphical Department of the Museum of Basle and a picture of which we reproduce on the left. This vessel of glazed earthenware, though of recent fabric, perpetuates features of high antiquity, particularly the form of the multiple bodied "kernos" of prehistoric and classical Greece. The vase-like pedestal of the puzzle-vase proper calls for no special remark, says Professor Myres, for such vessels with walls perforated or cut away are common throughout the Near East, being imitative of open-work in wood or basketry. The rope-coil mouldings have been also in general use from Sumerian to modern times. What makes the piece peculiar and interesting, however, are (1) the tubular or annular body; (2) the cluster of small vessels perched on it; and (3) the spout modelled as a ram's head.

A MODERN "PUZZLE-VASE" OF TIFLIS: A peculiar and interesting vessel now in the Museum at Basle

A "puzzle-vase" strictly is one which when filled with water may be drained without accident by proper manipulation, but spills or engulfs its contents when handled unwarily. An ancient example from an early Iron Age tomb near Kition in Cyprus, is in the Grassi Museum at Leipzig. Not all annular vases, however, are "puzzle-vases." Some are merely tubular-bodied, with a neck on the outer circumference of the ring or rising from a point on the upper side of it when laid horizontally. Some merely have miniature vessels perched on the ring, but not communicating with it; some have intercommunicating vessels but no spout. Only a few have the complete outfit of vessels intercommunicating through the tube, and also drained by a spout, which (to be effective) must, of course, rise high enough above the body to prevent liquid poured into the vessels from running off till the ring is tilted.

Ring-vases of clay are well known among the tomb equipment of the Early and Middle Bronze Age in Cyprus, and reappear there in the Early Iron Age and Græco-Phœnician period. Some are plain, but others have an animal's head as spout, and sometimes the ring serves as a pedestal for vases and bowls of various shapes, and for small modelled figures of birds, animals, and human beings.

The origin of the "ring-vase" is not clear. It is not a form likely to occur to a potter, but may be a skeuomorphic imitation of a leathern vessel.

OLD TIMERS OF SAIL

Picturesque Vessels most of which still Ply Round Britain's Coasts

"KATIE OF PADSTOW": A schooner built originally for the Newfoundland trade but now reduced to coasting. Her stern and hull are in marked contrast to the elaborate counter of the Danish vessel ahead

FORLORN AND NEGLECTED—THOUGH ONCE ALMOST A CL[illegible]: The *Waterwitch*, survivor of the barquentines, is to-day lying idle [illegible], but she is still good for many years service if only freight could be [illegible]

OUTWARD BOUND: The three-master *Mary Miller* leaving Charlestown, Cornwall, for Runcorn, on the Manchester Ship Canal, rather prosaically loaded with china-clay, one of the few cargoes still left to such old-timers

THE "ALERT": Possibly the loveliest and fastest of the few remaining top-sail schooners. In her younger days she made many fast trips across the Western ocean, and not so long ago she sailed round Great Britain in 16 days

This England . . .

Berkshire Downs, near Wantage.

IT is remarkable how few great painters have really captured the delicate blue-grey mists of weald and fen, the myriad greens of our woodland rides. Yet we love these things, we tramp the hills to savour them — and the artist in each one of us rejoices. But we know, too, that like many aspects of this England, these things are untranslatable. Who could convey with brush or pen the differences that lie between the golden beauty of a Worthington seen by the light of a high morning in March or glowing ruddily in a fire-lit bar at the day's close? But we . . . we know it. And cherish even that.

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QUEENS CALLED ELIZABETH

(Continued from page 331)

Her young husband was induced to accept the throne of Bohemia where the Protestants had overthrown the Emperor, an act which proved to be the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, the struggle between the rival religions in Germany. In less than a year Frederick was driven from Bohemia by the Catholic forces who had also taken his Palatinate, so that he and his wife and family were forced to retire to Holland where they lived in considerable poverty. Elizabeth had thirteen children, one of whom was Prince Rupert.

* * *

Elizabeth of France was the daughter of Henry IV, the first of the Bourbon Kings of France. For reasons of policy it was arranged, when she was very young, that she should marry Philip IV of Spain, while at the same time the Infanta Anne was to marry Elizabeth's brother, Louis XIII. The young princesses met for a moment at the Spanish frontier, and then passed on; each to enter the new strange country of which she was to become queen. As wife of Philip IV, Elizabeth is remembered chiefly because her only child, Maria Teresa, married Louis XIV of France, her cousin, and thereby gave him a claim to the Spanish throne when in 1700, Charles II of Spain died leaving no direct heirs. Philip IV is well known from the famous picture by Velasquez. He was a pleasure-loving monarch, caring for nothing but his own amusement, quite regardless that the great empire of Spain was crumbling about him. The treasure fleets from the Indies still brought gold which supplied the means for the extravagant entertainments of the Court, while everything else was starved for money, and the army neglected.

AMERICA IN THE LIMELIGHT

(Continued from page 316)

nominated William Strong and Joseph P. Bradley on the same day that the Supreme Court set aside the Legal Tender Act, for the express purpose of having the decision reversed. James Madison, "the father of the Constitution," did the same thing when he nominated Judge Joseph Story. And Abraham Lincoln himself, in 1862, temporarily increased the number of the court to ten to offset the strong pro-slavery and anti-war sentiment among its members. So if Mr. Roosevelt wants respectable precedent for what many people are now calling political chicanery, and if he wants evidence that the procedure has sometimes been followed not only by good but by brilliant results, he has both in full measure. But it should be noted that in the past the method has been invoked to secure some specific end, whereas Roosevelt's purpose is to change the United States Government and to nullify the Constitution.

CONTINUATIONS

The only constitutional method by which the President could deny the Supreme Court the right to pass on the constitutionality of an act would be to have Congress create certain inferior courts, which it has the constitutional right to do, and to relegate to these courts the power to decide all cases in which the constitutional law is necessary to a decision without making provision for an appeal of these cases to the Supreme Court. But, when that is done, since a case arises whenever an aggrieved party asks a court for a remedy under the law, the Constitution is in effect ruled out as part of the law of the land.

The further fact that, because the Supreme Court, in holding the N.R.A. unconstitutional, ruled that Congress had exceeded the powers delegated to it by the Constitution, the President now proposes to have Congress define those powers suspiciously resembles the procedure by which Judge Thayer of Dedham, Mass., himself passed on the question of whether he had or had not given Sacco and Vanzetti a fair trial, an act which did as much as anything else to shake the faith of many earnest people in the justice of the conviction. The President's additional suggestion that Congress shall now define interstate commerce, to provide him with the definition that he wants, is more or less in the same category. After more than a century, there is still no congressional definition of interstate commerce. But there are several definitions in Supreme Court decisions. Surely, then, this procedure contemplates nullification, if not of the Constitution, then of the power of the Supreme Court, and if not of the power of Supreme Court, then of its decisions, which amounts to the same thing.

The support that Roosevelt is receiving in his fight on the Supreme Court proceeds mainly from two ideas, one of which is demonstrably mistaken, the other which well may be.

The first is that, as matters stand, the decision of the Supreme Court is final, and that it is therefore the actual ruler of the land. This is not true. Presidents can, and have, changed the course of the court by appointing men who would do their bidding. It is also true that, even when there was no emergency at hand to cast reflection on the president's appointment, presidents have generally appointed men who agreed with them. The outstanding exception was the appointment of Benjamin Cardozo by, of all presidents, Herbert Hoover. There is the further fact that the court has often reversed itself, and more often has, by manipulating precedents, reversed itself in fact without appearing to do so. And finally there is the fact that there is no bar to a constitutional amendment which would validate all that the court has held to be null and void, except the normal difficulties and delays of a referendum.

Lord Bryce, commenting on this point in his *American Commonwealth*, wrote:

"The Supreme Court has changed its colour, i.e., its temper and tendencies from time to time according to the proclivities of the men who composed it. Their action flowed naturally from the habits of thought they had formed before their accession to the bench and from the sympathy they could not but feel for the doctrines on whose behalf they had contended."

The second idea is that the Constitution, having been drawn before the industrial era, does not provide an adequate instrument for dealing with the industrial era. If this is true, the defect can be remedied by amendment. But the Constitution has a remarkable record of success. It was a sufficient instrument to deal with the problems of the American people as they marched from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast through an unbroken wilderness. It was sufficient to deal with the issues of chattel slavery and secession, and to survive the exigencies of civil war. It was sufficient to deal with all of the problems arising out of the country's foreign wars.

It may be premature, therefore, to hold that an organic law which has been successful for 150 years in preserving a continuity and stability of political principle, and which has, at the same time, proved flexible enough to cope with the problems that have arisen during that considerable period, should be set aside at the behest of one man, however brilliant and devoted, who presumably four years hence will cease to be president forever, in favour of specific, and often opportunist, congressional action, the more so because the destruction of the power of the Supreme Court destroys the last guarantee that a less scrupulous and a less devoted president than Roosevelt, possessing the same political skill, would not proclaim himself as dictator.

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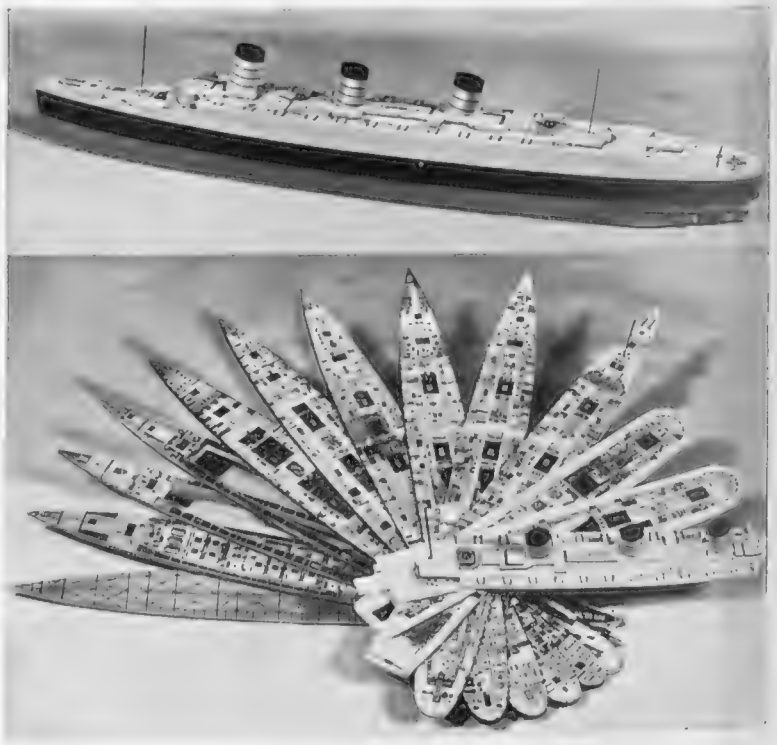

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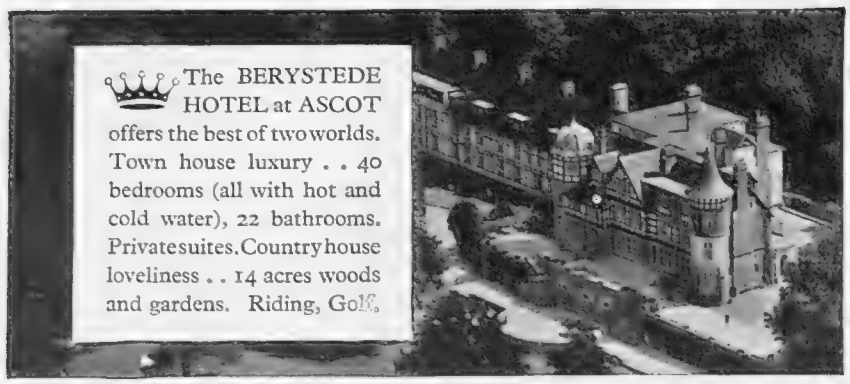

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In Quest of

More Places to Stay for a Holiday within Easy

IN my last week's article I described briefly a few of the worth-while hotels within easy daily range of London, and so suitable for a Coronation cum Whitsun holiday, and though I only reached the letter L my knowledge of the alphabet or my memory must have been at fault as I omitted the letters E and F, which meant the exclusion of Eastbourne and Folkestone.

Eastbourne (63 miles) with its fast, frequent, electric train service is within easy reach of London, and it has such a galaxy of first-class hotels on its front that it is difficult to make any particular choice. But I will again mention the Eastbourne Hydro Hotel, firstly because it is just off the front and so often remains undiscovered, and secondly because every time people have gone there through my recommendation, their appreciation has added lustre to the halo which I am endeavouring to cultivate around my head! The word "Hydro" belies its name. It is a fully licensed hotel, very well run in every respect, and is in a very sunny position with a full, uninterrupted view over the English Channel. Yet it is out of view of the motorists, out of range of smell and dust.

Folkestone (69 miles).—I remember leaving Charing Cross at 4.15 p.m. and after a cup of tea and a snooze the whole journey did not seem to take more than 15 mins. Actually it was only 1 hr. 20 mins. Like Eastbourne Folkestone's good hotels are legion but are more scattered. If you are going across the water the chances are you will stay at the Royal Pavilion which adjoins the landing stage and is one of the Frederick group, but if you are staying for any length of time and want to be near the Leas and shops, and yet be in a quiet position and convenient for the station, you must not forget the Princes, which is an excellently run hotel and is neither too big nor too small. There is a very definite personal touch there, and their worst bedroom could be described as the best in many an hotel.

And now for the remainder of my alphabet. M stands for *Midhurst* (49 miles) which at once suggests the Spread Eagle Hotel, a good striking off point for exploring the Sussex Downs, an old-world atmosphere, congenial mine hosts in Captain and Mrs. Freemantle and, if you like roast duck and apple sauce, they are the real thing there.

O—*Oxted* (21 miles).—As convenient a place as anywhere near London and a minute's walk from the station is the Oxted Arms Hotel, which is one of the group owned by Catering Houses Ltd., and this spells efficiency and general excellence. At the Oxted Arms you have in addition to comfortable quarters, two first-class squash courts and an admirable centre for country pursuits.

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Good Hotels

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P—Lodge Hill Hotel, Watersfield, near *Pulborough*, which was opened only last year on luxury lines. A new wing has already been added. It stands on a sandy knoll which lies just off the main London–Chichester coastal road. It is admirably run, and everything is so spick and span that one senses the influence of the navy. Actually, the proprietor is a retired army man—Captain Guy Waller.

R—*Reading* (38 miles).—An admirable train service again, and on Reading's outskirts and within easy reach by bus—the Upcross Hotel. A useful place to know about; convenient for the business man; excellent for those who are settling down in the neighbourhood and want to have a headquarters from which to superintend the building of their house; and for holiday purposes, for the Thames is but two miles away.

S—*Sandhurstead* (12 miles).—Selsdon Park Hotel, 500 ft. up in the Surrey hills. You will lose your breath when you first get there, not on account of the height, but by the size, and the all completeness of this de luxe hotel. Everything here, except the terms, is on a grand scale. A dining-room which holds 300; 200 acres of parkland; 18-hole golf course; swimming pool, tennis, dancing, electric gymnasium, and so on. You would enjoy life with a capital "L." Everything lives and thrives, even the weeds if they were not kept down, and so twenty gardeners are continually at work.

T—*Tunbridge Wells* (35 miles).—The Spa Hotel. And here is peace. All the comforts without the discomforts of the old-fashioned hotel. Midway between London and the coast—51 mins. from either—and if you want to relax and hit a golf ball without too much effort there is a sporting golf course in the grounds but—beware of the lake!

W.—*Weybridge* (18 miles).—Oatlands Park Hotel. Last in this article but first in a good many people's estimation. Only half an hour from the City and West End and they take you to the station and bring you back free. You can also get free squash tennis, swimming, badminton, and dancing every Saturday night to Marius B. Winter's band. There are sixty acres of grounds and just at the moment there are 7,297 crocuses to be viewed, or thereabouts.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

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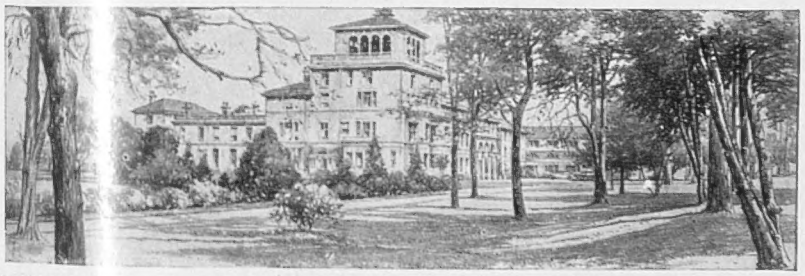

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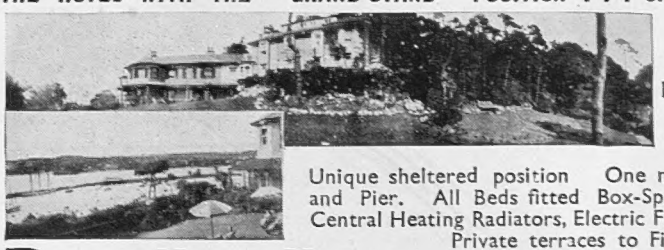

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SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES FROM FAR AND NEAR

The Provisional Programme of the Paris Exhibition—The Bulb Fields of the Low Countries

SPRING IN AVALON.—While in London we are still surprised to see the first crocuses, the flower farmers of the Scilly Isles have been picking and packing their daffodils and narcissus for two months, and the trains of the Great Western have been filled nightly with a golden freight. The small fields, hedged with shrubs which are regarded as treasures elsewhere in England, are ablaze at this time of year, while in the gardens the mimosas are in full bloom. You may or may not credit the legend that King Arthur died on Tresco, one of the islands; but it is certainly surprising that so few people take the opportunity of visiting our own historically interesting and frostless islands when they are perhaps looking their best. Later on the smaller islands will be alive with puffins and guillemots at their breeding places, and for those who like sea fishing the Scillies are hard to beat. There is a regular service from Penzance connecting with the night train from Paddington, and, if the tides are favourable, one can be at St. Mary's for luncheon.

1937 in Paris.—We make no apology for again mentioning the Paris Exhibition. The provisional programme of events has lately been sent to us, and it is certainly bewildering in its multifold attractions. Opening with a great procession through Paris on May 1, the galaxy of entertainment will go on continuously throughout the summer. Every taste is catered for, from the horse-lover for whom there is the Equestrian Championship in July to those for whom the Wine Festival will be an irresistible draw. Then there are endless musical festivals (though it is to be hoped that song will not be absent from that last-mentioned), symphony concerts, an international season of opera and ballet of the first importance at the Champs Elysées Theatre, as well as about fifty combined displays of water, light, and music in the grounds of the Exhibition itself. In connection with the Exhibition it should be noted that those who buy a *carte de légitimation* price 20 francs, will have the advantage not only of being able to enter the Exhibition ten times at half price, but will also have the right on production of it to fare remissions on all the French railways and steamship services and on various railways of other countries, including notable concessions on our own Southern Railway, and similar rights at hotels, theatres, and museums.

Lovely Capri.—Since Tiberius made Capri his last retreat from the world, the island has been famous for its beauty, and has had a brilliant partisan in the person of Dr. Axel Munthe. None would call it a "smart" or "fashionable" resort; but there are nevertheless comfortable hotels and admirable facilities for various games at the Sports Club. The climate is ideal at all seasons, and however hot the day, the nights are always cool. There is much to interest the visitor on the island itself, and there are endless walks along the winding paths which traverse it in every direction. None should fail either to make a tour by boat round the coast, and visit the various grottoes with which it is honeycombed. Capri, too, is an excellent centre from which to visit Naples and its surrounding wonders, Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Sorrento for instance. It is easily reached by rail via Naples, and for those who like a sea voyage preparatory to a holiday on land there is the direct service by ocean liner from London to Naples.

The Low Countries.—The spring flowers are not at their best in Holland until those of Cornwall and Scilly are nearly over. But a visit to the bulb fields in April or May should not be missed if the opportunity offers. Then the children stand by the roadside selling garlands of daffodils for a few pence, and the fields make a patchwork carpet of colour as far as the eye can reach; and, if one stands upon one of the dykes, one can see a very long way. Except to the native of our fens the skies of Holland are something new and marvellous in themselves with their processions of fleecy clouds marching endlessly to the horizon which is relieved by an occasional church spire, windmill, or the sail of some barge which on a closer view may be found to be heaped high with flowers stripped from the hyacinth fields.

POINT DUTY MADE EASY: The Vienna police use these signals to direct traffic and incidentally to relieve their arm muscles

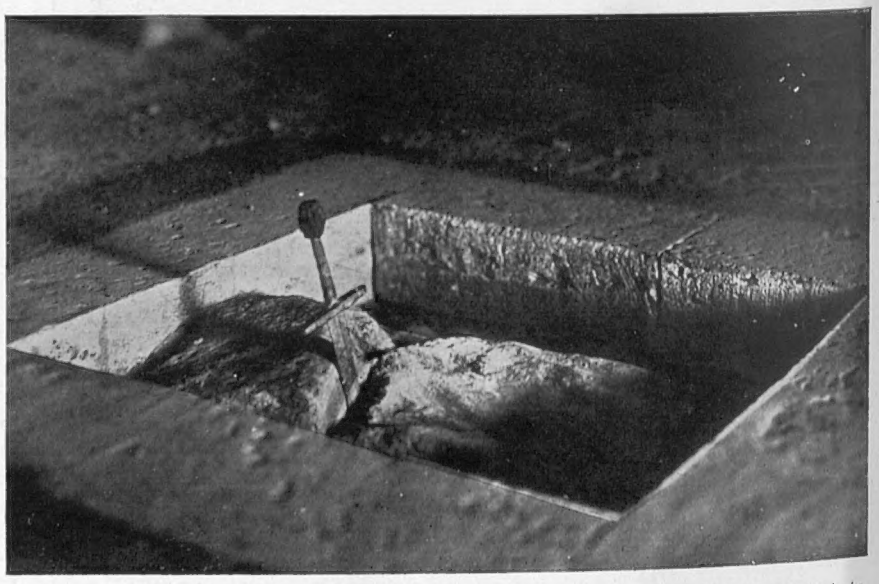
The Pyrenees.—Winter sports are still in full swing in the mountains; but, excellent as the facilities for these are, the countryside is perhaps seen at its best in May, when there is a hot sun by day but it is cool at night. The district between Bordeaux and Toulouse is most beautiful and full of interest, and on a clear day the views as one motors parallel to the mountains are unsurpassed. No one should miss visiting the remarkable cathedral of St. Bertrand de Comminges in the foothills. This building, though dating back to the twelfth century, is curiously modern in the simplicity of its lines and is vast in comparison with the little town it surmounts. And, apart from the notable choir stalls and stuffed crocodile hanging over the font which for centuries was pointed out as a dragon slain by a crusading knight, the lover of the late Provost of Eton's ghost stories may trace out for himself the haunts of Mr. Dennistoun's ghostly visitant.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

Motoring in Europe.—September would be a delightful month for motoring in Europe and if, as you propose, you buy a car in England, you will have no difficulty in arranging through the Automobile Association to transport it to the Continent. If you are not already a member of the Association you will be able to become a temporary member for the duration of your visit to this country on the payment of a small entrance fee. A detailed itinerary will be supplied to you on request if you first give the Association a broad idea of the places you wish to visit. We suggest that you go to Cologne via Aix-la-Chapelle, and thence up the Rhine to Basel. This part of the tour is very lovely, as is also the return journey, we suggest through France, as far as Rheims. If you wish to extend the tour you can of course continue into Austria from Basel; but if you wish to go into Germany you must remember to obtain registered marks, which can be bought at a specially favourable rate of exchange, before entering the country.

Portofino.—This is one of the most delightful and picturesque spots on the Italian Riviera. The quickest route is via Paris–Modane, and the second class fare is £6 2s. 10d., or £9 18s. 6d. return, which benefits from the special reduction allowed by the Italian Railways. You will find plenty of amusement at Rapallo, which is only a short distance by carriage or motor bus from Portofino. We strongly recommend the Piccolo Hotel, which charges 24 lire per day; or the Splendide Hotel, which charges 50 lire.



THE SWORD IN THE STONE: This relic of St. Gargano on Monte Sipel, where the holy man lived the life of a hermit, has for centuries been an object of pilgrimage among devout Italians. It was found in 1183 and not long after a chapel was erected over it

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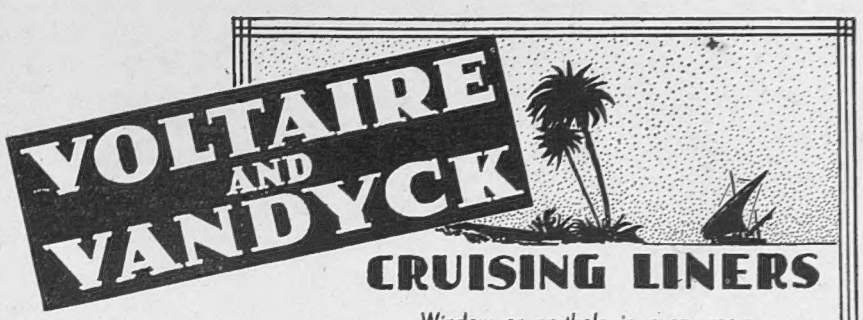

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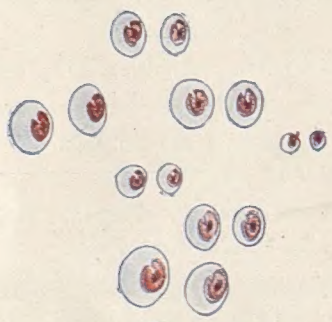
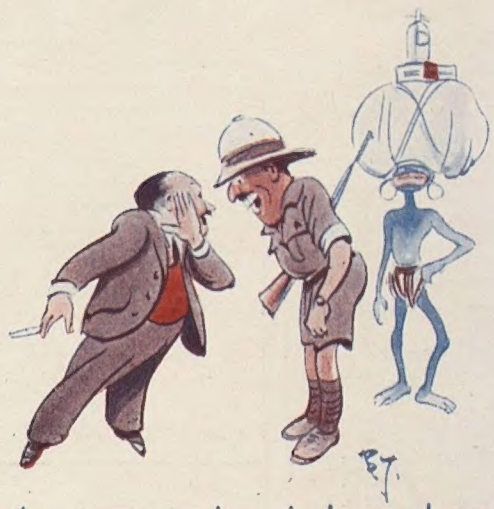
One afternoon in late September
The Club was startled by a member
Rushing in with hair disordered
"Chota-Pegs all round!" he ordered
"Gentlemen I've won a packet
Out of this horse racing racket!
I've got a treble home" he thundered
"The odds are over seven hundred!"



Everyone expressed surprise
Envy showing in their eyes
His bookie then he quickly 'phoned
Heard the bookie - then he groaned

For he found that he had blundered
The bookie's limit was ONE hundred
Purple grew he round the collar
Raved and cursed the bookie wallah
"Why the fellow's just not pukka!"
Slammed the 'phone down - end of chukka

Now in every turf transaction
Duggie gives him satisfaction
"Duggie's the only one who sets
NO LIMIT to my winning bets!"



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